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THE NATION

JANUARY 23, 1967 35 cents

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Military Seminars

THE MONGERS RETURN

RICHARD DUDMAN

The Prodigious Satellites

COMSAT, Ma BELL and ETV

EDMUND B. LAMBETH

The Coup that Impends

Episcopal Extremism

LESTER KINSOLVING

REVIEWS

Styles in Educated Females
THELMA McCORMACK

Violette Leduc's Child-Women
MURIEL HAYNES

The Case of Frank Lloyd Wright
SHERMAN PAUL

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LETTERS

Godforsaken

Miami, Fla.

DEAR SIRS: Except for Cardinal Spellman, Carle McIntyre, Billy Graham, Billy James Hargis and possibly General Westmoreland (who recently declared that U.S. troops are fighting on God's side "in this most Christian of causes"), most religious leaders, including the Pope himself, the National Council of Churches, and the entire World Council of Churches now oppose this war. Both the Vatican and the World Council of Churches believe this war to be a crime against humanity, and urge an immediate cessation of U.S. bombing in North Vietnam. Indeed there can be only one God, and one may well wonder whose side he is really on, or if he is on either side. One thing seems certain, and that is that he is not on our side.

Reynolds Moody
Lt. Col. USMC (Ret.)

cost of science

Stanford, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I have read with interest Lord Bowden's discussion, "How Much Science Can We Afford?" [*The Nation,* Jan. 2]. The article is a curious mixture of praise for the accomplishments of science and the intellectual and cultural values it represents with criticism of its cost. The latter is particularly confusing since the article fails to distinguish between "science" and "technical development." Lord Bowden complains that not enough useful work is being done by "science," but at the same time the cost of science which he quotes includes technical development which represents 90 per cent or so of the total, and which is just the cost of those technical items which are being developed to satisfy the needs of society.

An example of the misleading nature of the article is the sentence: "Before long we shall have to decide if the world is ever to see . . . a bigger linear electron accelerator than W. K. H. Panofsky's at Stanford which is reputed to cost more to operate than the whole of the great university which houses the machine." The operating cost for Stanford University during the year ending Aug. 31, 1966, was $108 million, not including construction of new buildings. The operating costs of the accelerator for the year starting July, 1967 (which is its first full year of operation), are $21 million. Considering the fact that work of the Stanford Center, together with that of three other institutions of comparable size, supports the work of more than thirty universities in high-energy physics, these figures are not as unreasonable as Lord Bowden suggests.

W. K. H. Panofsky

Gerassi's point

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Jack Leavitt's review ["The Ordinariness of Sodomy," *The Nation,* Jan. 9] which treated, or rather mistreated, John Gerassi's *Boys of Boise,* is a perfect example of a reviewer who forgot just what it was he was commissioned to do.

If Mr. Leavitt desired a forum to put forward his legalistic views on homosexuality he should have been honest in his intentions and not have used Mr. Gerassi's book as a shill. . . .

Mr. Gerassi's book is not so much about homosexuals as it is about a homosexual scandal that rocked Boise and the atmosphere of McCarthyism that pervaded that hypocritical city. For Gerassi, homosexuals and indeed the scandal were a point of departure and not the crux of the book. Mr. Leavitt missed this rather obvious point. . . .

Richard M. Cohen

EDITORIALS

A Message of Defeat

The State of the Union message reveals, more clearly than any poll, the decline of the President's drive and influence. The few good things in the message are mainly recommendations that, given the composition of the 90th Congress, he is well aware cannot be implemented during the remainder of his term. In this aspect, the message reflects what might be called the reality gap—the application of purely verbal remedies to the acute and worsening ills that afflict the country. The most desperate of these, whose existence precludes any significant improvements on the home front, is of course the Vietnamese War, which Mr. Johnson once more justified with specious analogies and tiresome recriminations. The one indisputable truth he spoke was that the war, as he plans to prosecute it, will bring more cost, more loss and more agony. For these evils he acknowledges no personal responsibility. It is all the fault of that ever-ready scapegoat—communism.

On domestic issues, the move to the right is unmistakable. At one point Mr. Johnson invoked the words of Harry Truman on poverty as a preventable disease. Mr. Truman had his faults, but trying to buy off or appease the opposition was not one of them. The headlong charge was his style, whereas Mr. Johnson tries to cover his submission with glowing phrases.

The trouble with the across-the-board tax increase is that it will probably coincide with the softening of the economy which is already in evidence. A year ago it might have been effective; next July, it might bring on a recession—except for the corporations that are loaded with orders for the Vietnamese War.

The President touched on the anti-missile-missile controversy but said nothing that had not been said earlier and better by others. He promises to seek the advice of Congress on the possibility of international agreements bearing on this problem. The advice he can expect is to go ahead with the manufacture of anti-ICBM systems that have only one certain capability—they will start a new cycle in the arms race.

Mr. Johnson had only sensible things to say about efforts to improve relations with the Soviet Union and the countries of Eastern Europe, but the situation here is the same as in the anti-ICBM field. The revived coalition of Republicans and Dixiecrats is already preparing to sabotage what Mr. Johnson proposes. Even the treaty to ban weapons in outer space is likely to meet opposition in the Senate. Moreover, the Vietnamese War precludes any salient change for the better in East-West relations.

It is good to hear that Mr. Johnson abhors wire tapping and bugging, but Congress is more likely to heed J. Edgar Hoover's ideas in that field than the President's. If Mr. Johnson had taken timely steps to curb Mr. Hoover's influence, his denunciations would carry some weight. As it is, these will be among the first recommendations to be forgotten. But no matter; the real purpose was probably to "bug" Senator Kennedy.

The President had virtually nothing to say about civil rights. The point here is not that further legislation is

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needed—there has been enough legislation but not enough action to make the legislation meaningful to the great mass of Negroes. What is urgently needed is leadership, and the President evidently has no intention of providing it. Aside from the moral aspects, a political disaster is in the making. What with the suspension of Adam Clayton Powell, and the seating of Lester G. Maddox as Governor of Georgia, it would seem that the Democratic Party is well on the way to losing the Negro vote. At the same time the President has created a painful dilemma for the leaders of the Negro Establishment.

By proposing the consolidation of the Commerce and Labor Departments into a new Department of Business and Labor (a labor "front"?), Mr. Johnson has likewise embarrassed the leaders of organized labor. It is quite true that Mr. Meany and his faction deserve what they now face, and that Walter Reuther may gain by it, but labor's support for the Democrats may be less than enthusiastic in 1968.

If the President brushed off civil rights, he was vehement on the subject of crime in the streets. His words might have been Barry Goldwater's. In the sense in which the President treated the subject, there is no crime wave. The nation's major crime problem is in the area of white-collar, largely middle-class economic crime—embezzlement, employee thefts, shoplifting, fraudulent salesmanship, auto thefts by teen-agers, etc. If the figures are properly analyzed, they negate Mr. Johnson's premise. But what he said will certainly fuel the backlash.

The fact that Mr. Johnson said nothing about space exploration, and nothing about the supersonic transport, might indicate that he has come to some sane conclusions about priorities in the nation's needs. But, on the positive side, he simply ticked off problems in haphazard order, with no attempt to establish a system of priorities. He sees no need for such a system, since most of the reforms he advocates have been swallowed up by the Vietnamese War. When a foreign policy has disastrous effects on domestic problems, there must be something wrong with the policy, but that policy is the one item on which Mr. Johnson stands firm.

The national priority which should head the list is the redirection of American power. What is needed is reconsideration of foreign policy in the light of domestic needs. When Mr. Johnson succeeded to the Presidency he seemed to be moving in that direction, and he continued on that general course during the 1964 campaign. Then he switched. That was his disaster and, unfortunately, the disaster of the rest of us; the State of the Union message is a reflection of the debacle.

A Brave Man in Seattle

Stimson Bullitt, who is attracting national attention with TV editorials critical of U.S. policy in Vietnam, is no 50-watt broadcaster. He is president of the King Broadcasting Company, which owns KING-TV, the N.B.C. affiliate in Seattle, KREM-TV, the A.B.C. affiliate in Spokane, and KGW-TV, the N.B.C. affiliate in Portland, Ore. In 1961, Doubleday-Anchor published Mr. Bullitt's *To Be a Politician*, with an introduction by David Riesman.

The Northwest was in sore need of someone to speak out, and Bullitt, who is a combination of industrialist and

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1967 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 204 No. 4*

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intellectual, responded to the opportunity. He is scornful of the average run of broadcast editorials: "They endorse Christmas seals," he says. The Seattle newspapers are similarly safe and conventional. The *Times* prints as little as possible concerning dissent on the Vietnamese War, apparently on the theory that publicity plays into the Communists' hands.

Bullitt, on the contrary, could hardly be more explicit. He began his December 20-23 editorials with the statement that the war and its treatment in the news compelled him to speak. His second sentence was: "The intensity of our military action should be stepped down, and we should stop bombing North Vietnam." He went on to say that the purposes of World War II justified the cost, but the Vietnamese War neither gives us security nor defends our liberty; on the contrary, it jeopardizes both. It disrupts and degrades the country we have invaded, it is repulsive to the ideals we have held in the past, and it is turning most of the countries of the world against us.

Mr. Bullitt has reason to be pleased with the reaction to his campaign. In the period from December 20 to January 2, the Seattle station received 740 telephone calls, far above the normal level. Of these, 225 were critical in one way or another; 384 were favorable. Fifty wanted more information and eighty asked for the schedule of forthcoming editorials. Assuming that half of the 130 in the last two groups are favorable, the ratio approving the station's views on Vietnam would be 3 to 2. In the same period 300 letters were received; these were favorable in the ratio 5 to 1.

A portion of the mail fell into familiar categories. There was the expected Birch-type outcry. Some letters came from old-time isolationists, commending the program but saying we should have minded our own business in the first place. "Peaceniks" made their contribution, and there were a certain number of what Westbrook Pegler used to call "bleeding hearts," which in Bullitt's definition means people who regard foreign policy strictly in humanitarian terms.

Over and above these groups, there was a preponderance of mail to the effect that while the writers would not necessarily agree on every point, they were happy to see the subject opened up for frank discussion. Many said they were delighted to hear someone say *publicly* what many people have been saying privately, or only in their own thoughts. From this standpoint Mr. Bullitt's innovation is of great importance. The tendency, where large financial interests are involved, is to express views that will displease no one, or only those groups that are so unpopular or impecunious that they don't count. In the case of a mass medium like TV, sharp criticism of the official position is seldom heard.

In such a setting, opinion polls on Vietnam are robbed of authenticity. How can a genuine public opinion be expected to form unless the opposition case is stated *publicly* so that it can reverberate in the community? Airing the opposition case can be hazardous—and doubly so when it is adopted by the station itself, that is, when it is voiced as an editorial position. But once the wall of silence is broken down, it is often discovered that a large proportion of the people have wanted frank discussion right along. Would that there were more station managements with the courage and sense of responsibility which Mr. Bullitt and his colleagues have demonstrated.

Showmanship at Sacramento

Ronald Reagan's inauguration was, as one commentator suggested, "a mixture of Hollywood and a county fair." The good showman was sworn in just after midnight on January 2 under the floodlit dome of the State Capitol, thus avoiding conflict with TV coverage of the football games during the daylight hours. The festivities that followed neglected no aspect of the California ethos. The "cultural way" was honored by a performance of the San Francisco Symphony orchestra. A prayer breakfast was the occasion for the "spiritual way," with Ronnie intoning: "Belief in and dependence on God is absolutely essential. It will be an integral part of our public life as long as I am governor." The "official way" was represented by the inaugural itself, and the "hospitality way" by a civic luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce. Hollywood spared neither expense nor talent for its own. Five bands played at the Fair Ground and Danny Thomas exclaimed, "Is this for real or is it a movie?" It was, of course, both.

In his inaugural address Ronnie promised to lead California "down the path of the creative society," which apparently is to consist of the following steps:

(*1*) Cutback on welfare, with recipients to work in public institutions. The solution is not original: back in the thirties beneficiaries of state aid were threatened with being dropped from the rolls if they refused to chop cotton at 27½c an hour.

(*2*) Anti-pornographic legislation, modeled presumably after Proposition 16, "CLEAN," which was defeated at the polls.

(*3*) To exorcise the specter of Watts, an act to put down riots and insurrection with utmost firmness.

(*4*) Anti-crime legislation—always a good bit.

(*5*) Legislation guaranteeing every union member a secret ballot on union dues and policy.

(*6*) Support for Max Rafferty's proposal to give local school boards more control of curriculum and textbook selection: "Support your local school boards, support your local police," etc.

And, underlying and flanking all the above, the balancing of the state budget.

Toward this last goal, the new Governor proposes to cut the budget of the University of California and make up the deficit by charging students $400 a year for tuition. Dr. Clark Kerr pointed out that it already costs them $1,750 to attend and that many would be squeezed out if tuition were no longer free. It may not be true that the university ranks among the five leading institutions of learning in the world, but it is the most generously supported and, by many standards, an admirable system, befitting the largest and fastest growing state. Under Reagan, will it remain what it is today?

California has the governor the majority of its voters deserve. He is said to be plotting with John Tower to set up a right-wing national ticket in 1968. It seems a little early for such euphoric plans. There has always been a problem in California about the confusion of illusion and reality—witness Hollywood, the Disney fantasy empire, "instant cities," and the rest. But in politics, reality has a way of catching up with the dreamers. Reagan would do well to ponder the words of a fictional governor of Pennsylvania in one

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of John O'Hara's novels. "Any son of a bitch who wants to be President," says this character, "should first try being governor of Pennsylvania." As he becomes enmeshed in the realities of California problems and California politics, Ronnie may wish he were back on the late show—and the voters may wish it too.

Is This Museum Necessary?

Public Law 87-186, already passed by the Congress, sets up a National Armed Forces Museum Advisory Board as a branch of the Smithsonian Institution. A general plan for the project has been approved and all that remains is for the Congress to appropriate $40 million (which may be only a down payment) to acquire the 100 acres still needed to round out the 610-acre site in Washington, and start building.

As presently conceived, the plan calls for a complex of indoor and outdoor exhibits, including, according to *The Washington Post,* a military aviation section on about 30 acres, containing pavilions housing military aircraft from World War I to the current models; a ship basin illustrating naval history; a beachhead displaying amphibious attack vessels and wartime beach defenses; a replica of a World War I trench system (the wire specially fabricated with rubber barbs to protect the kiddies); a cut-away model of an ICBM in its underground silo; and such intellectual treats as a study center for research into the meaning of war and its contributions to civilization.

Col. John H. Magruder, USMC, director of the project, emphasizes that the proposed museum will be angled toward visitor participation and a "dynamic educational" goal. The constructive achievements of the armed forces will be featured, such as the building of the Panama Canal, the conquest of yellow fever, the opening of the West, the exploration of Antarctica, and the contributions of the U.S. military to the establishment of a peaceful world, by which is meant, presumably, a world in which the United States has so far been spared the ravages of war on its own territory.

Something might be said for an armed forces museum and exhibition park if the idea were carried out with rigorous candor and honesty. About half of the major conflicts in which the United States has engaged could qualify as "just wars." Others, like the Mexican war, of which Gen. U. S. Grant said that a more wicked war had never been waged, are shameful chapters in our history and should be displayed for the young with due contrition and all possible prophylaxis against the viciously immoral doctrine of "my country, right or wrong." But the mere statement of any such expectation exposes its absurdity. In the eyes of the military all wars are glorious.

If the objective is to be the deification of the armed forces, just because this nation still retains a residue of coolness toward the idea of huge standing armies, or because our professional soldiers feel the need for arresting the deterioration of their image, then true patriots will oppose the idea. We do not need what some of the mothers of Washington are calling a Disneyland of Death.

Waldo Frank (1889-1967)

Robert Frost liked to describe himself as having "a lover's quarrel with the world." Waldo Frank tried to sustain the same sort of relationship with the United States, but it wouldn't love back, refusing to quarrel on his terms. Frank died last week after a writing career that endured for nearly sixty years and included fame in the thirties and near oblivion for the past decade. Such recognition as he had here in his later years was usually reflected from those he had been credited with discovering: Sherwood Anderson, Hart Crane, and even—a curious tribute to Frank's unique personal evangelism—the people of Latin America.

A man of letters in an old-fashioned sense, Frank often moved beyond letters in a way that is highly contemporary. The social protest of his books was directed to action, and he frequently and dangerously found himself where the action was. Now that he is past all action, there are only the books. But every one of them is out of print today, still waiting as he did for a new audience.

MILITARY SEMINARS

THE MONGERS RETURN

RICHARD DUDMAN
Mr. Dudman is a Washington correspondent for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. *He is the author of* Men of the Far Right (*Pyramid Publications*).

Those cold-war seminars, institutes and workshops that caused a stir five years ago are not dead after all. They just went underground long enough for the controversy to simmer down and for people to forget their concern that high-ranking military officers, active or retired on pensions, were getting into politics by way of alerting the country to the danger of communism at home and abroad. [See "The Ultras" by Fred J. Cook, *Nation* special issue, June 30, 1962; pp. 594-596.] Certain changed circumstances suggest that the self-appointed cold-war strategists may be more successful this time.

Chief among the new operations is the Freedom Studies Center taking shape on a hillside estate near Culpeper, Va., as a private enterprise substitute for the old right-wing dream of a government-financed "freedom academy."

Two generals and an admiral flew out there by helicopter from the Pentagon to take part in dedication ceremonies last September. A military color guard and a section of the Navy band also helped set the tone of official approval. Speakers included National Commander John E. Davis of the American Legion; Admiral Arleigh A. Burke,

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former Chief of Naval Operations and now director of the Center for Strategic Studies at Georgetown University; Dr. Walter H. Judd, former Republican Congressman from Minnesota, and Sen. Thomas J. Dodd (D.) of Connecticut.

President Johnson sent a telegram of congratulations. His message began with a somewhat cryptic observation that "the will to resist aggression is strengthened by our understanding of the alternative to turning back a foe who would deny man's freedom." Mr. Johnson went on to say that private and public institutions must share a responsibility for "this great and urgent work of defending freedom and promoting peace." J. Edgar Hoover wired that "only by an informed citizenry, conscious of its responsibility in this giant ideological battle, can we hope to keep alive the flame of freedom." Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, wrote that the center promised to make "a distinguished contribution to the development of well-informed American policies."

John M. Fisher, the former FBI agent who is president and chief executive officer of the center, told the assembled group how he planned to satisfy these great expectations. He spoke of the first seminar, a four-day institute for twenty-eight Congressional aides conducted by Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Dr. Eleanor Dulles, Dr. Walter Judd, Allen W. Dulles, Prof. Frederick Barghoorn of Yale, and two representatives of the National Maritime Union. Fisher said nearly $800,000 had been donated or pledged by foundations, corporations and individuals toward an $11 million development program for a campus that would accommodate 400 graduate students a year.

Two key figures in the new academy are Fisher and Edward G. Lansdale, the retired Air Force major general who is now in Saigon as a special assistant for counter-insurgency operations to Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge.

Fisher is also president of the Institute for American Strategy and the American Security Council, two closely related Chicago organizations. The institute operates the new center at Culpeper as "a private psycho-political warfare school to turn out finished cold-war professionals, just as the service academies turn out hot-war professionals."

The American Security Council was set up in 1955 to maintain a loyalty-security blacklist where employers could check employees and potential employees for indications of leftist or troublemaking tendencies. Five former FBI agents were on the staff. The blacklist eventually contained more than 1 million names. The council tried to obtain files left by the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy, but his widow gave them instead to Marquette University.

Fisher joined the council in 1961, after eight years as a "corporate security" specialist for Sears Roebuck and Co. Under his leadership, it grew rapidly, acquiring many corporate subscribers at fees up to $900 a year. Corporate members include Sears, Motorola, Stewart-Warner, U.S. Steel, Illinois Central Railroad, General Electric and Allstate Insurance. At that time, the council also moved into the area of opinion making, publishing a newsletter, *Washington Report*, and analyzing defense and foreign policy issues through its National Strategy Committee.

General Lansdale's name appears in the initial literature of the Freedom Studies Center as its administrative director, with a footnote to say that he is "on leave of absence as U.S. Minister to Vietnam." Lansdale does have the rank of minister there, although his title is special assistant to the ambassador. Some of Lansdale's admirers in Washington assumed at first that he had been drawn into the operation only incidentally, as a public figure whose name would lend prestige to the new center. He had won wide respect for his successful counterinsurgency strategy in the Philippines and for his outspoken thesis that the Vietnamese War could never be won by shelling hamlets and dropping napalm on civilians.

It has come to light, however, that Lansdale was a chief architect of this new version of a United States freedom academy. In June, 1965, he circulated a "preliminary working study" for such an academy. He envisaged it as "a continuing source of expert, dedicated help to the deserving in the cause of freedom—responding to requests for advice and counsel from graduates, from institutions and leaders in the ranks of freedom throughout the world—a big-hearted polarizing force always ready to lend a hand to the best of its ability whenever truly needed."

Lansdale's 23-page study said that the academy would be developed under the auspices of the Institute for American Strategy. In that and other respects, the center has developed closely along the lines he laid out. He envisioned a modest start through popular subscription, but mentioned the possibility that the academy, "if it fulfills its true role dynamically and successfully, could well become the sole required freedom academy and could receive U.S. Government funds for its education activities of direct benefit to the United States in the winning of national security goals, including scholarships for U.S. officials."

The General proposed a permanent location at Yorktown, Va., which "carries in its very name the reminders of victory in the American Revolution and of brotherhood shared with comrades from across the sea." He warned against the temptation to develop a private intelligence organization, on the ground that it "well could grow into the tail that wags the dog, becoming more aggressively active than the needs of the freedom academy warrant." He did say, however, that the academy should have its own library of information about foreign leaders, organizations, political institutions and social structures. And he suggested that retired officials of the CIA, Defense Intelligence Agency or Office of Naval Intelligence would be well suited to head the academy's reference service.

To help draft the curriculum, Lansdale suggested Walter Robertson, former Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs; Hugh Cumming, Jr., former State Department Director of Intelligence and Research, and William S. B. Lacy, former Ambassador to Korea. Lansdale's concept of instruction at the academy leaned toward the conservative. As sponsor of teaching on the theory and practice of economic free enterprise, he suggested the National Association of Manufacturers or the United States Chamber of Commerce. On the theory and practice of free trade unionism, he suggested the American Institute for Free Labor Development.

Still another field of study he proposed was "the theory and practice of revolt in a Communist-controlled country," including "role and techniques of outside support" and "tactics (simple sabotage for popular adoption, overload and disruption of bureaucracy, political-psychological actions,

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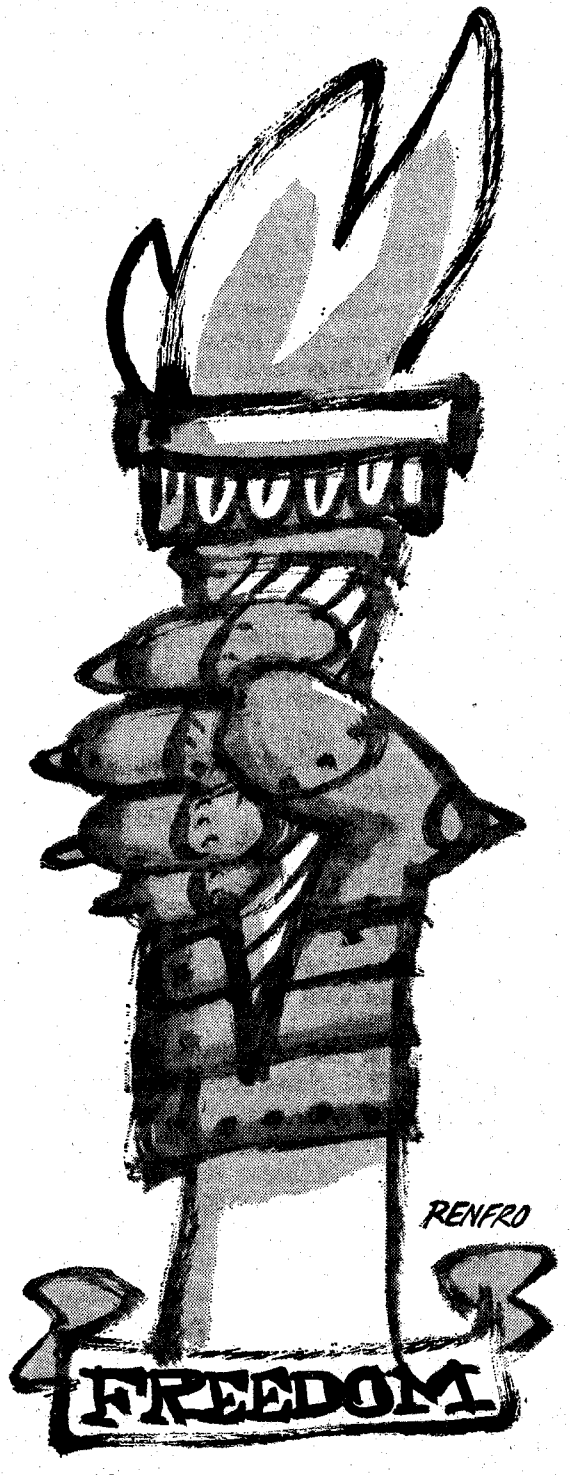
socio-economic actions, use of force)." He suggested also an evaluation of *émigré* liberation groups and a study of "the potentials of 'freedom fighter' type of organizations now operating in the defense of freedom if they went over to the offensive."

Under the heading of "Advisory Teams," Lansdale said: "The freedom academy should acquire the capability of sending small teams to foreign countries, upon request, to assist with practical advice on how to resolve problems of concern to freedom. The requests might come from leaders of a foreign government, from a foreign political institution or group, or from an acceptable third party. The propriety of such requests could be checked readily before honoring them. Consulting fees could cover expenses and add a bonus for the academy's budget."



After his views on how the war should and should not be waged had led to a disagreement with Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor and a prolonged period of eclipse, General Lansdale began new efforts to get back to Saigon. Early in 1965, he and Rufus C. Phillips, former head of rural affairs in the United States AID mission in South Vietnam, prepared and circulated to friends and government officials a 6-page analysis, titled "How to Win in Vietnam."

It criticized General Taylor, then ambassador to Saigon, and what it called an overly formalized, bureaucratic approach. Its main line was that an elite group of Americans who understood the Vietnamese and enjoyed their confidence could cut through the red tape, arouse them with revolutionary fervor, and start the country on the road to a big anti-Communist victory. This recalled the strategy of *The Ugly American*, in which "Col. Edwin B. Hillandale" was recognizable as Gen. Edward G. Lansdale.

Lansdale did get back to Saigon, largely through the intercession of Vice President Hubert Humphrey and Senator Dodd with President Johnson, but he clearly achieved less than he had hoped. He now runs his own operation on the fringe of the so-called "other war" and appears to have been left in the backwash of the steadily expanding military effort.

The names that showed up eventually in connection with the Freedom Studies Center were a mixed lot. Senators Dodd and Karl Mundt of South Dakota, long-time advocates of a government-financed freedom academy, are members of the board of directors and co-chairmen of a Senatorial advisory board. Other directors include Patrick J. Frawley, Jr., chairman of the board of Eversharp, Inc., and a supporter of many ultraconservative causes including Dr. Fred C. Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communist Crusade; Henry Regnery, the conservative publisher; Henry Salvatori, who was Barry Goldwater's chief California fund raiser in 1964; Allan B. Kline, former president of the American Farm Bureau Federation; Dr. Myron Blee, deputy director of the Office of Emergency Planning, in the Executive Office of the President; the Very Rev. James F. Maguire, S.J., president of Loyola University; Gen. Robert B. Wood, retired chairman of the board of Sears Roebuck, and Gov. Otto Kerner of Illinois. Listed as members of various advisory boards are fifteen U.S. Senators, thirty-eight U.S. Representatives and twelve Governors, including Romney and Hatfield.

Members of the center's Educational Advisory Committee include Dr. Lynn M. Bartlett, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Education; Dr. Ernest van den Haag of New York University, and Dr. Evron Kirkpatrick, executive director of the American Political Science Association. The Planning and Development Committee includes many persons active in the public information operations of the American Security Council, among them Dr. James D. Atkinson, associate professor of government at Georgetown University, international politics editor of the council's *Washington Report*; Dr. Lev Dobrianski, professor of Soviet economics at Georgetown and chairman of the National Captive Nations Committee, economics editor

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of the *Report*; Dr. Stefan T. Possony, director of International Studies at the Hoover Institution for War, Revolution and Peace, strategy and military affairs editor of the *Report*; Stanley J. Tracy, former assistant FBI director, a member of the council's strategy staff, and Frank J. Johnson, foreign editor of the *Report*.

Mr. Johnson is the author of *No Substitute for Victory* (Regnery, 1962), which carried an introduction by Admiral Burke. In a chapter called "Blueprint for Victory," he said that the way to win the cold war was first to inform the Kremlin "that we intend to win." He suggested an immediate naval blockade of Cuba, followed by a new invasion by exiles, but this time with an American guarantee against failure. Next would come the liberation of Albania, to show Khrushchev "that we intend to create plenty of trouble for him in his own back yard." *The Saturday Evening Post* called Johnson's plan "a blueprint for disaster" and said that "the inevitable result of Mr. Johnson's advice would be to find ourselves fighting all over the globe and exposing vital areas to Communist conquest by the dispersion of our forces."

When cold-war seminars were active five years ago, their extremism was open and evident. One of the more dramatic outbursts came from Rear Adm. Chester Ward, now law and space editor of the American Security Council's *Washington Report*. He told a "Fourth Dimensional Warfare Seminar" in Pittsburgh that Ambassadors Adlai E. Stevenson and George F. Kennan were some of the advisers around President John F. Kennedy who "have philosophies regarding foreign affairs that would chill the typical American." Ward and similar lecturers were only a few steps behind Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker, who was busy attacking Harry S Truman, Dean Acheson, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Edward R. Murrow, Walter Cronkite and Eric Sevareid as being Communist influenced. Walker was rebuked and removed from his command.

Sen. J. William Fulbright exposed this cold-war activity, citing enough horrible examples to make it clear that generals and admirals were getting deep into politics. President Kennedy and the new civilian team at the Pentagon accepted Fulbright's contention that the country needed no alerting to the danger of communism. There was a crackdown—interrupted by weeks of Senate hearings on the issue of whether the men in uniform were being "muzzled"—and anyone would have thought that the trouble had ended. The Pentagon ordered that military officers stop sponsoring anti-Communist alerts and take no further part in indoctrinating the general public.

The new corps of cold warriors—whether at the Freedom Studies Center or operating from their own foxholes—includes many of the old faces, but there is the difference that they are now wary of extreme proposals and personal attacks on widely respected public figures.

One of those who saw the light early is Frank R. Barnett, a former Rhodes scholar, who attracted attention in 1951 with a plan for an American-sponsored foreign legion, recruited from iron-curtain refugees. He urged the creation of "psycho-political forces" to fight the cold war, as well as a separate cabinet office and a special joint Congressional committee on cold-war strategy, a "West Point of political warfare," and an international "captive nations

brigade," comprising refugee Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Koreans, Chinese, Ukrainians and others.

Fulbright mentioned Barnett prominently in a 1961 memorandum to President Kennedy and Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara in which he exposed the cold-war propagandizing by military men. Barnett was then a member of the American Security Council's planning committee and research director for the Institute for American Strategy—the same outfit that now operates the new Freedom Studies Center. He was also research director for the Richardson Foundation, a fund that was supported by the Vick Chemical Co., and that helped finance the institute and other conservative enterprises. Fulbright suggested that the organizations' close relations with the National War College and the Joint Chiefs of Staff amounted to official support for a viewpoint that conflicted with Administration policy.

Fulbright's memorandum quoted Barnett as having told an Atlanta "Seminar on American Strategy," sponsored by the Third Army, the Institute for American Strategy and other groups: "There are no bomb-carrying Communists around any more, but propaganda favorable to communism is being retailed in American journals and from the pulpit . . . by good people who have not done their homework. It is within the capacity of the people in this room to literally turn the state of Georgia into a civilian war college."

The memo also told of a five-day public institute conducted by the U.S. Naval Air Station at Glenview, Ill., called "Education for American Security," at which the speakers included Barnett, Dr. Fred Schwarz Herbert Philbrick and Richard Arens, staff director of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Ten days after Fulbright sent the memo to the President and McNamara, Barnett spoke out against "crackpot" groups that concentrated on hunting "pinkos" on college campuses. He also advised reserve officers attending a meeting of the National War College to apply "quality control" when organizing local seminars on cold-war strategy.

Barnett is still going strong, helped along by testimony from Secretary McNamara that he, as well as the Insti-

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tute for American Strategy, had always conducted a "basically responsible group of seminars." He now operates the National Strategy Information Center in New York and arranges local sponsorship for seminars around the country. He provides the speakers, usually from the government and academic life. Sometimes he helps finance the conferences, and he often makes one of the speeches. For example, at a "National Security Seminar" last September at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., the sponsors were Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, Wabash College, the Liberty Fund, Inc., and the National Strategy Information Center. Speakers included Barnett, on "Lenin, Clausewitz and the Private Citizen"; Frank N. Trager, professor of international affairs at New York University, on "The War in Vietnam and the Geopolitics of Southeast Asia"; Arthur Barber, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Arms and Trade Control, and William Kintner, deputy director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania, on "The Challenge of Communist Insurgency in Latin America" and "Alternate Military Strategies for the 1970s." William P. Bundy, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, was scheduled to speak but sent a substitute, Joseph Yager, a member of the State Department's policy planning council.

Literature distributed to participants at the Wabash seminar included a pamphlet titled "Public Opinion, the Private Sector and National Defense," published by Barnett's National Strategy Information Center. It called for volunteer anti-Communist actions by labor unions, cooperatives, foundations, universities, professional societies and trade associations. Under "action programs," the pamphlet commended the work of the American Institute for Free Labor Development.

Another publicist who has learned the importance of moderation in conducting cold-war seminars and institutes is Gen. Barksdale Hamlett, U.S.A. (Ret.). As vice chief of staff of the Army, the general lived through the controversy five years ago. Approaching the end of his testimony in the 1962 hearings on the muzzling of the military, General Hamlett said: "Regardless of the means adopted, I feel that a continuing and vital need exists to keep the American public fully alert to the ever-present threat of communism. . . . But I do think that we must be very careful. There is one thing that we all know—the military just can't become mixed up in political issues, either local or international."

General Hamlett now has a good opportunity to put his precept into practice. He is co-chairman of the Educational Advisory Committee of the Freedom Studies Center.

The seminars and the center clearly have learned from past excesses. They avoid any direct indoctrination of the general public and, so far as can be learned, they refrain even in their private sessions from outrageous slurs against good Americans. Also, the more extreme speakers are now missing from the programs.

But moderation is only part of the story. The Vietnamese conflict has grown since 1962 from a minor engagement to a major war. The American managers of the war want help wherever they can get it. The private enterprise cold warriors posed a threat to the peaceful coexistence objectives of the Kennedy administration, but are welcomed as allies by leading members of the Johnson Administration.

THE COUP THAT IMPENDS

EPISCOPAL EXTREMISM

LESTER KINSOLVING

After twelve years as a parish priest, Lester Kinsolving is serving the Episcopal Diocese of California as co-chairman of its legislative division. Father Kinsolving is a columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle, *a reporter for* Newsweek *and a contributor to* Ramparts *and* The Christian Century.

America's 3 million Episcopalians constitute a denomination that is modest in size when compared to such Protestant giants as Methodism or the assorted Baptists, who together total almost 40 million, or a little less than the nation's nearly 50 million Roman Catholics. What the Episcopal church lacks in size, however, is more than amply compensated in prestige—whether measured by a denominational compilation of Dun & Bradstreet or the Congressional Directory. Like the state of Virginia, the Episcopal church is the "Mother of Presidents," more of its members having occupied the White House (as well as Philadelphia's Independence Hall on July 4, 1776) than have those of any other denomination. While there has not been an Episcopal President in the last two decades, there was an Episcopal headmaster at the Choate School who frequently told the student body: "Ask not what your school can do for you. Ask what you can do for your school."

The Episcopal church is generally regarded as the wealthiest per capita of all denominations. It is also frequently referred to as "The Republican Party At Prayer."

There are, of course, some notable exceptions to this untabulated general surmise. Franklin Roosevelt, Dean Acheson and a bulk of the Sioux Indians (thanks to a devoted missionary named William Hare) have been among the church's membership. Yet despite varying degrees of Episcopal membership in every socio-economic and racial category in America, one Episcopal layman named J. Pierpont Morgan would seem to serve better as an identifying personage than an Episcopal convert named Sitting Bull, or even his tribal descendants.

If New York's Yankee Stadium is "the House that Ruth built," so New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine is "the House that Morgan (almost) built." When completed, St. John's will be America's largest cathedral—the distance from end to end being presently so great that altar hangings of especially vivid colors are required for liturgical observ-

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ance, since color tends to fade across such vast distance.

St. John's took a recent cut of some $600,000 in building pledges from assorted donors whose pledged word was discovered to be notably less than bond by New York's Bishop Horace W. B. Donegan. While Donegan permitted these backsliding pledgers to remain anonymous, he did disclose that the cause of their moral default (a church pledge is not a legal note) was the cathedral's stance on racial justice, as well as its employment of a Negro priest on the clergy staff (St. John's is adjacent not only to Columbia University but, on the other side, to an oceanic ghetto of Negro tenements in Harlem).

The financially penalized cathedral was the site, early in 1966, of a special conference which, in addition to metropolitan church people, drew attendants from a wide variety of areas. One of the featured speakers, Sen. Gale McGee of Wyoming, spoke from vivid personal experience at a conference on extremism which examined a subject of increased concern to growing numbers of Episcopal church people. The Rev. Canon Walter Dennis of St. John's Cathedral cannot reasonably be termed an alarmist. Yet he told the conference, "I may be nervous, but there is the possibility of a coup."

Canon Dennis' expressed concern was supported at the conference by one of the most prestigious clergymen in the Episcopal church, John Krumm, formerly dean of Los Angeles' St. Paul's Cathedral and chaplain of Columbia University, now rector of New York's Church of the Ascension. Dr. Krumm diagnosed the problem as "frightened people, who in the face of world revolutions—notably in minority rights—see their whole world crumbling about them and with it their hope of status and superiority." Krumm's incisive diagnosis was only a preface to his prediction that "they're going to try to do what they can to stack the next General Convention, although the Lord knows they did pretty well in 1964."

The Triennial General Convention (meeting next in Seattle in October) is the Episcopal church's equivalent of Congress. It legislates ultimate control over the 7,500 churches and 10,000 clergy—as well as control of an annual national budget now exceeding $14 million.

The convention's two houses (Deputies and Bishops) were originally designed by a number of the same Episcopal laymen who structured and signed the Constitution of the United States. Yet the Episcopal equivalent of the House of Representatives (The House of Deputies, comprising four priests and four laymen from each diocese) has repeatedly demonstrated itself as decidedly reactionary when compared to the Senate equivalent, The House of Bishops.

Such decided conservatism among the lay deputies is thought by many Episcopalians to be caused mainly by what amounts to economic exclusion of the poor. If Basil Broken Nose of South Dakota ever attends the General Convention, he comes as something of an exhibit—and finds himself trying to match parliamentary acumen with such as Charles P. Taft or Harvey Firestone.

If this is insufficient to discourage him, the average diocesan General Convention travel allowance will, since it falls far short of the cost of travel and residence for a

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twelve-day conference in a distant city. The duration of the conference further excludes all Episcopal laity except those able to leave their jobs for two weeks in October. To make matters worse, representation in the General Convention is so markedly disproportionate that an Episcopalian in Los Angeles has *one-thirty-seventh* the voice in his church's government as does an Episcopalian in west Wisconsin.

While there can be occasional competition for convention seats in the big dioceses, all too often the small and remote diocese is confronted with not a competition but a search for someone to attend. "Someone" is all too frequently a wealthy conservative who can afford the time and expense. There are, of course, some exceptions. The diocese of Pittsburgh electrified a recent convention by sending Michael Budzenowski, an official of the United Steelworkers, AFL-CIO—but even in his own delegation he was a distinct minority. Perhaps in no other place is the Episcopal church more susceptible to the familiar accusation of being "a rich man's church" than in its highest governing body.

Disproportionate representation was the subject of an earnest appeal for reform made by former Presiding Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill in 1958 at the convention in which he retired. His appeal was voted down, but its burden was heard again early in 1966, when The Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity and the Association of Episcopal Clergy passed a resolution asking for an end to disproportionate representation, together with realistic and uniform travel allowances from the national rather than diocesan budgets, a reduction in the length of convention (which should be held annually or biennially) and the admission of women if elected as deputies.

The possibility of such reform being enacted is equivalent to the possibility that a state legislature would voluntarily reapportion itself, with the consequent exclusion of a considerable segment of its hoariest seniority-system power structure. Perhaps such reform will come about only as the result of the most serious Alinsky-type agitation (Saul Alinsky himself plans to be present in Seattle during the convention); or a demand by the big dioceses for either proportionate representation or equal assessments.

The present disproportion in the General Convention makes the Episcopal church particularly vulnerable to arch-conservatism at its highest governing level—even as there is a similar vulnerability in a great many of the local churches.

Most local churches operate on a tight budget because they are trying to meet soaring building costs, support the missionary ideal (without which Christianity would have died in Jerusalem) and pay the clergy salaries which in most cases barely approximate a living wage. While there are a number of wealthy Episcopal churches, these are the exception and it is somewhat unusual when one of these retains a clergyman who is not a proper guardian of St. Status Quo. In the vast majority of Episcopal churches there is a constant struggle to meet the budget, and even one substantial pledger is afforded considerable power. His preferences are regarded with awe—particularly if he becomes sufficiently agitated to recruit even a minuscule company of like-minded and like-funded parishioners.

Under such circumstances it is remarkable indeed that more churches have not been taken over by well-heeled Birch types who can infiltrate the budget and then, having paid the piper (and increased the budget), proceed to call the tune, as has happened in Phoenix, Houston and Shreveport, La., among other places. Rare indeed are the instances of hungry church boards or clergy turning down any financial support unless it has absolutely blatant strings attached. What so often happens is that a building campaign or other needed expansion is undertaken on the basis of large contributions—and the strings appear only after the construction is under way.

The strings can and have been used on many occasions to hobble those clergy who, in taking Jesus and the other Hebrew prophets seriously, manifest a devotion to social justice. Despite certain protection afforded by church (canon) law there are many ways in which a pastor may be ousted—and no Episcopal clergyman has unemployment insurance. A majority of clergy have no training other than theology, having come into the ministry directly from school, college and seminary. If they try to obtain a church post elsewhere in the diocese, or in another diocese, the chances are that the bishop may be similarly vulnerable or convinced that the 11th commandment supersedes all others: "Thou shalt not rock the boat."

Clergy find that it is one thing to carry the cross oneself and be despised and the rejected of men—it is quite another to be unable to feed and house a wife and children. It is amazing under these circumstances that even a segment of the clergy has been prominently engaged on the front lines of such battlefields as Selma.

In just two years the number of Episcopal clergy who have dissociated themselves from local churches has increased from 25 to 40 per cent—or 4,000 priests. In addition to clergy service on national or diocesan staffs, institutional chaplaincies or in secular employment, a considerable number of them are now schoolteachers—and will affirm that the classroom has come to provide more freedom of speech than many pulpits.

In addition to that exodus, the enrollments in theological seminaries are down—even as a Lily Foundation survey discloses that a majority of today's seminarians have no intention of ever entering the parochial ministry.

A return to the historic clergy shortage that existed in the Episcopal church prior to 1950 (the height of the postwar Sheen-Peale-Graham religious "boom") may create a desperate need for clergy. Church boards may then be universally obliged (rather than occasionally inclined) to defend the freedom of the pulpit—or else have it uninhabited. If the majority of clergy are no longer dependent for their livelihood upon the whims of big pledgers, the church may well have a resurgence.

Perhaps, on the other hand, the transition to secular employment may be too drastic for too many clergy—or it may be too late in coming. When Rev. Dr. John Krumm warned the New York Cathedral conference that a coup would be attempted in Seattle in 1967, he also said advisedly that "they did pretty well in 1964." The record of the 1964 General Convention was for the most part so

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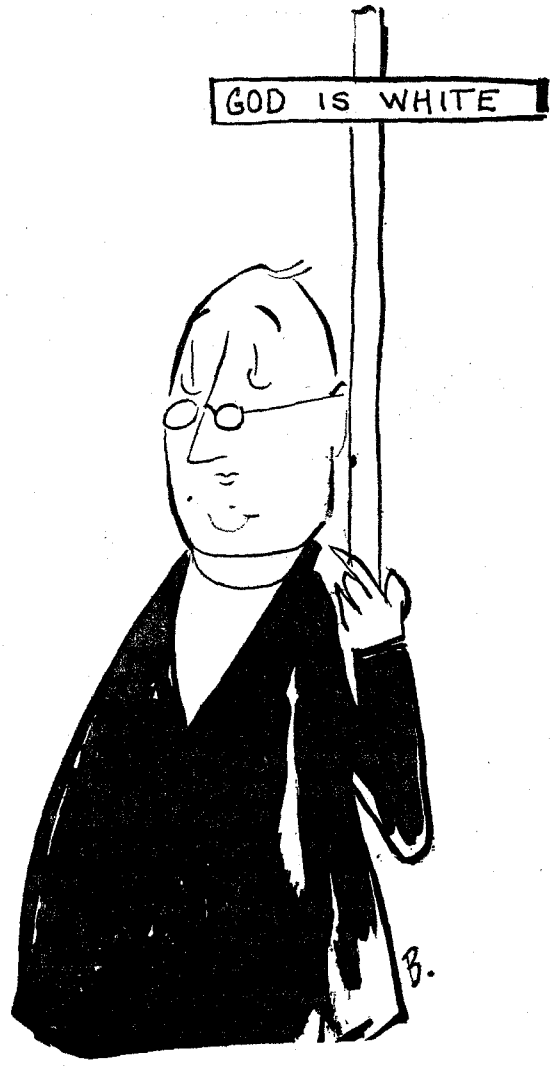
utterly dismal that a group of forty of the leading bishops held an unofficial meeting of concern after the convention had adjourned. The House of Deputies had deplored racism in South Africa, but refused to address the same issue as it applied to Mississippi and Alabama. When the explosive issue of miscegenation laws was raised (by an Arizona attorney, Edward Morgan, who recently won a U.S. Supreme Court decision against a schoolteacher's loyalty oath), it was avoided like the plague. An even more explosive topic was raised when another attorney, William Stringfellow of New York, issued a statement protesting what he and 850 bishops, priests and laity termed the racism in the then current Goldwater-Miller campaign.

Copies of the Stringfellow statement were distributed in the General Convention pressroom, and while nothing in it could be construed as a claim that it was an official pronouncement of convention, it was carried with a St. Louis dateline by wire services across the nation and internationally. Some measure of conservatism in the Episcopal church could be found in the volume of letters, telegrams and long distance calls which transmitted the assorted screams of outraged Republican Episcopalians. California's Bishop James Pike, already under threat of heresy charges, received reports that his diocese had lost pledges of $60,000 in two days because he had signed the statement.

In the ensuing furor, the House of Deputies sprang into action by appointing a committee to investigate the pressroom. By striking contrast, no such investigation was either proposed or conducted regarding the presence and activities at convention of assorted members of the right wing—who maintained a booth in the convention's exhibit hall. This conglomeration of such organizations as "Episcopalians for the Faith" or "Episcopalians for Christ" had made an initial appearance at the 1961 General Convention, where it lobbied in favor of an attempt (unsuccessful) to have the church withdraw from the National Council of Churches.



Coordinator of these Birch-front groups is a dynamic and handsome woman, Mrs. Dorothy Faber of Washington, D.C., who edits a periodical called *The Christian Challenge*, published in Michigan. While Mrs. Faber vehemently denies any connection with Robert Welch's organization, her editorial line is remarkably similar, the particular points of attack being Bishop Pike, the National Council of Churches and the church's activity on behalf of civil rights.

While it may be a long time before any such radical rightist as Mrs. Faber is elected to any segment of the Episcopal church power structure, the actual existence of an arch-conservative beachhead is evident in the present constituency of the Executive Council. This group of geographically elected bishops, priests, laymen and churchwomen actually operates the national program of the Episcopal church during each three-year interim between General Conventions.

Perhaps the most widely known member of Executive Council is the erstwhile ghost writer, Senate campaign manager and at present historian to Barry Goldwater—Stephen C. Shadegg. Although Shadegg is considered something of a loner on the various noncontroversial issues that fill most Executive Council agendas, he can be formidable indeed when he teams up with other leaders of the conservative block—most notably Charles Crump (of the Memphis Crumps), Prime Osborne of Florida, and the considerably charming and persuasive Coadjutor (heir apparent) Bishop of Alabama, George Murray.

This aggregation has not yet been able to effect a complete coup in Executive Council, but it did manage to pass in 1965 a measure which in effect forbade all clergy on the Episcopal headquarters staff to participate in civil rights demonstrations without permission of the local bishop. Several of these headquarters clergy had taken part in such demonstrations and Alabama's senior Bishop, C. J. C. Carpenter, had told them all to go home instead of to Selma. The measure passed by Executive Council constituted an almost unprecedented clergy restriction. But only after receiving vehement protests from such giant dioceses as Massachusetts and California were the liberal and moderate members of Executive Council able to rescind this gag law of the Shadegg-Crump machine.

Although stymied in this particular attempt, the machine has made an impression upon national headquarters staff. The possibility of a right-wing take-over is a critical issue today in hundreds of local Episcopal churches. Yet when this writer visited national headquarters in New York City and requested material on the right wing from the Department of Christian Social Relations, not one Episcopal pub-

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lication was devoted to this problem (only a group of excellent pamphlets from the Anti-Defamation League or the National Council of Churches).

Will the right wing take over the Episcopal church? A lot will depend on Seattle—and according to a number of informed sources the man to watch in Seattle is Stephen C. Shadegg. Shadegg will not be a convention deputy from his home diocese of Arizona—he was absent during the diocesan election because he was busy helping engineer a Republican sweep in Arizona. However, he is entitled to be present as a member of the Executive Council, and he is expected to be there—particularly since he is a member of the Department of Promotion, which includes supervision of communications and, notably, the pressroom.

THE PRODIGIOUS SATELLITES

COMSAT, Ma BELL and ETV

EDMUND B. LAMBETH

Mr. Lambeth, a 1961-62 Congressional fellow of the American Political Science Association, is a Washington correspondent for Eastern newspapers.

Washington

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the late Jesuit paleontologist, once wrote that man's discovery of the electromagnetic frequency spectrum should be counted as a "prodigious biological event." Prodigious, one can agree, in that through it men are now probing the outer reaches of the galaxy, sending television across continents, dispatching taxis, freight cars, plumbers and mobile pizzerias. And it was also a biological event in that media using the spectrum play a pivotal role in the way human societies organize and inform themselves.

Indeed, if we are to believe Gen. James M. Gavin (Ret.), chairman of the board of Arthur D. Little, Inc., the spectrum—properly exploited by communications satellites—may well be the device that enables our species to survive. Speaking in December to the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, Gavin declared:

> Those who do our work in space now know that we can communicate from any point on earth to another, at once. We also know that we live in times of terrible danger of nucleacide.
>
> Isn't it past time, therefore, that we take the first tentative steps to establish a global communications system under an international body—the United Nations, for example—that will begin to minimize the dangers of nuclear holocaust, the danger of massive killings through war.
>
> I would urge the establishment of a global communications network under the auspices of the United Nations. Associated with this should be a program to place receivers in almost every village and hamlet.
>
> Such a network should broadcast nonmilitary information such as weather reports, crop information, results of sports competitions, cultural programs and nonpolitical news.
>
> Ultimately, through an agency sponsored by the United Nations, a sophistication in communications can be realized that such a network would be useful in enabling the family of man to live together in familiarity and harmony.

Coming from the man who was given a written, pre-Sputnik order from the Pentagon not to attempt a satellite launch, this estimate is a symbolic and fitting background against which to assess the prospects of harnessing the new technology to human needs. The assessment is timely because of five developments.

First, the Ford Foundation has proposed that satellites are ready to deliver a "people's dividend" in the form of a noncommercial, educational television network.

Second, an authoritative report now imminent from the Carnegie Commission on Educational TV is likely to recommend that ETV be transformed from a hand-me-down into a strong new medium for the intellectual and economic growth of the country.

Third, a fight is under way before the Federal Communications Commission over the right to serve the rapidly evolving market for domestic satellite service.

Fourth, it is now clear that the Communications Satellite Corp., chartered by Congress to build a global satellite system, wants and feels its health requires a stake in the domestic market.

Fifth, the Administration appears ready to recommend that Congress enact legislation permitting the merger of Comsat's competitors, the international common carriers —a combine to include perhaps even Comsat itself, as well as the domestic Western Union Telegraph Co.

The confluence of these five developments has caught short those who consigned the satellite to a sleepy future. Indeed, when President Kennedy signed the Communications Satellite Act on August 31, 1962, few realized how quickly satellite technology would advance toward its ultimate goal—taking the cost out of distance.

The Telstar-type, low orbiting satellite could "see" two points on the globe for relatively short periods of time. Therefore, upward of thirty satellites and many earth stations were thought necessary to establish the global communications system mandated by the 1962 law.

This could have meant the commitment of most of the $200 million that the public and private communications firms invested in Comsat. But by 1964 the space agency, chiefly with a satellite designed by the Hughes Aircraft Co., had demonstrated the feasibility of the synchronous orbiting satellite, a few of which would cover most of the earth's surface. These "stationary" relays, 22,300 miles out in space, also require fewer and less complicated ground stations. The result was that when Comsat launched Early Bird on April 6, 1965, the costs of a global system had been reduced dramatically.

This sudden technical advance will place Comsat, much

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earlier than anticipated, in a position to charge telecommunications users less than do the common carriers. Transmission can be cheaper via satellite than by cable because the equipment to be amortized costs less. Satellites are also more flexible than cables because the latter connect directly only two points, while with proper equipment a satellite system can reach many points simultaneously.

The failure of Lani Bird, the second commercial satellite, to attain a full stationary orbit over the Pacific indicates that satellites as reliable and long-lived as cables have not yet been perfected. Yet Lani Bird does not negate the fact that Comsat, for less than $75 million, can provide cross-oceanic circuits equivalent to those which it costs common carriers $500 million to provide by cable. This advantage has stimulated in Comsat management an aggressiveness toward the common carriers that was not foreseen when Congress chartered the corporation.

The Comsat stock, originally offered at $20 per share, is split by law into two blocs, with half owned by the carriers and half owned by 150,000 persons who bought on the open market. The giant American Telephone and Telegraph Co. owns 29 per cent of the carrier bloc, International Telephone and Telegraph Co. owns 10.5 per cent, and lesser amounts are held by the other carriers.

On Comsat's board sit six representatives of the carriers, six appointed by management to represent the public shareholders, and three appointed by the President to represent the public at large. (Despite its overwhelming private ownership and orientation, most newsmen persist in calling the company a "quasi-public" corporation.)

James D. O'Connell, the federal director of telecommunications management, once described Comsat to Congress as an "organization with a built-in conflict." He was referring to the competing interest of Comsat itself and the carriers represented on its board in the ground stations which provide the lucrative up-and-down links to the relays in space. Ground stations add to a company's rate base (capital investment), against which allowable profits are calculated.

As O'Connell explained to a subcommittee headed by Rep. Chet Holifield (D., Calif.): "The more rate base which the individual carriers get out of this satellite business, the less rate base the public-owned segment of the [Comsat] stock gets. This is perhaps an oversimplification but it seems very simple. It is a fact." This corporate structure can scarcely be comforting to Comsat's stockholders, half of whom hold less than ten shares.

As operating plans have rapidly developed, the aggressive Comsat management has been handled severely by the FCC, which in the past eighteen months has:

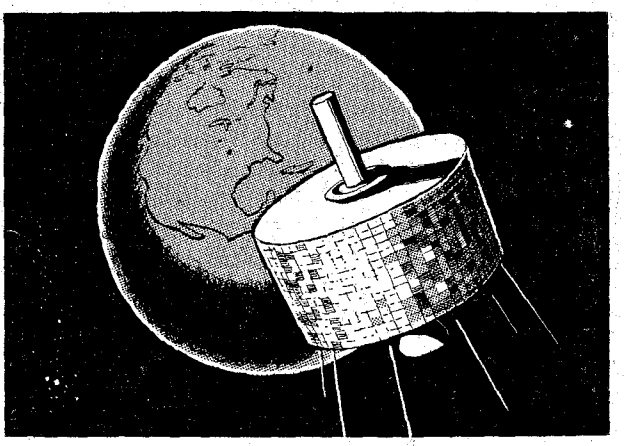
(*1*) Ruled that Comsat cannot sell its services directly to private users, but must transact business as a "carrier's carrier" for established communications firms.

(*2*) Decided that Comsat can by-pass the carriers to deal directly with the government only in exceptional cases —each of which must be decided by the FCC.

(*3*) Overturned its previous decision, which gave Comsat full rights to the first three earth stations, and held that Comsat will own 50 per cent of a six-station network, with the carriers sharing ownership in the other half.

Whatever else one may say about these decisions, their net effect is to protect the common carriers against the impact of the new satellite technology. In fairness, it must be added that the FCC has instructed the carriers to lower cable rates, and has promised to adopt regulations that would stimulate use of the six-station global network. But one can be forgiven for believing the cable rate reductions to be more a result of Comsat's efforts to deal directly with the government than of FCC instructions.

The FCC has a point when it notes the carriers are at a disadvantage because of Comsat's monopoly of the space segment. The terrestrial carriers, according to the



FCC, are thus under an "artificial restraint." But the public interest is not served by removing from the market the pressure for lower rates that comes from giving at least the government the right to deal directly with Comsat.

An example is the Pentagon's need for thirty more Pacific circuits. Comsat bid $4,000 per half circuit compared to bids of $10,000 to $12,500 by Western Union International, ITT World Communications and RCA Communications. Seeing themselves high bidders, the carriers then countered with "composite rates" of $7,100 per half circuit to supply not only the Pentagon's thirty new Pacific circuits (after first leasing them from Comsat) but also ninety-eight cable circuits. On a government-wide basis, according to the FCC, the common carriers' plan would offer $5,260,000 in savings compared to $2 million for Comsat's. The question then is whether the public interest is best served by a $3.2 million saving or by an arrangement that preserves the government's right to have direct access to a technology that promises even cheaper rates in the future.

Perhaps the FCC's most important decision was the ruling that Comsat must share ownership of its ground stations with the carriers. This decision meant a 25 per cent cut in a projected rate base (on which profits are calculated) of $80 million for Comsat in 1968. For the common carriers, with a collective rate base of $490 million, it meant a 4 per cent increase.

However favorable to the carriers, the FCC's decision must be viewed in a broader light. Without some such compromise, the disputes between the carriers and Comsat would certainly have meant long proceedings before the FCC, thus delaying creation of a global system. The gov-

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ernment, for reasons of prestige and diplomacy, did not wish to take that risk. For reasons of profit, neither did Comsat.

In 1969 the interim, non-treaty arrangements governing Comsat's relationship with the international consortium will expire. Unless it has a global system in being at that time, Comsat's leadership of the fifty-three other nations will almost certainly be challenged by the Europeans.

Complicating the whole picture is the prospect that the Administration will ask Congress for legislation permitting a merger of the international carriers, with or without Comsat. In the past, such a merger has been opposed by the Justice Department on antitrust grounds. No matter what form the legislation takes, it is certain to provoke deserved controversy.

This, then, is the context in which the Ford Foundation has charged into the arcane world of the telecommunications industry, proposing what McGeorge Bundy, the foundation's president, called a "people's dividend" (in the form of an educational network) from the nation's heavy investment in space. To the global competition, this proposal added a flock of questions as to how the domestic potentials of satellite transmission should be allocated.

Briefly, Ford's idea is to use a set of non-Comsat satellites to distribute network television through a broadcasters' nonprofit corporation. This would be so much cheaper than present distribution methods that the networks could be charged more than the true cost of transmission, and the substantial sums thus accumulated applied to the operation of a noncommercial network. Bundy declared:

> Comsat faces international horizons which can engage its full energies for decades to come.
>
> The prosperity of *all* does not require for any a monopoly of the space communications available to the American people.
>
> And for the common carriers the revenue presently at issue is less than 1 per cent of a business which grows by more than that in every season of the year.

Ford's proposal has turned much-needed public attention on the FCC's inquiry into whether private satellite systems, outside Comsat, should be authorized to meet special needs. In essence, it is a first step toward authorizing a domestic communications satellite service.

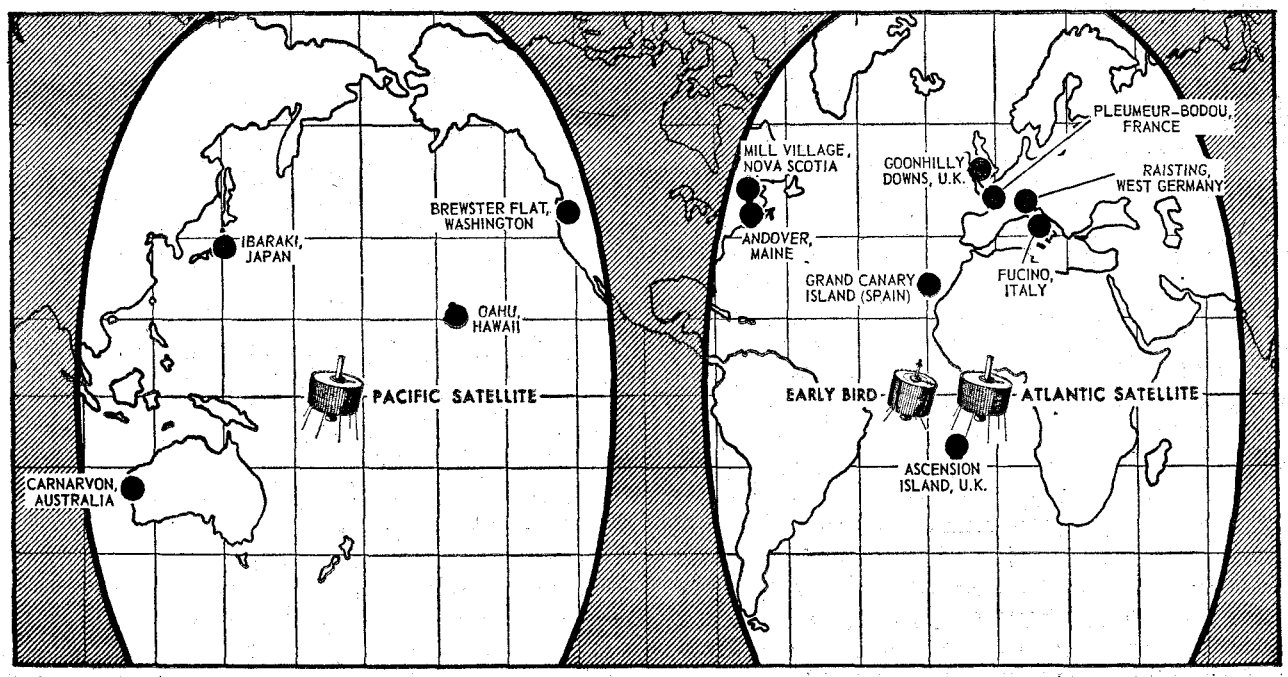
One virtue of the Ford proposal is that AT&T and Comsat, threatened with a parallel satellite system, have brought forward plans which, from the technical standpoint, can easily handle a new noncommercial network. One of the common carriers even suggested that a special low rate be allowed for ETV.

A weakness in the plan, submitted on August 1, was that it mistakenly estimated that most of an ETV network's needs could be financed by savings inherent in satellite transmission as opposed to the AT&T microwave now used. In its December 12 filing with the FCC, Ford admitted that there would be a deficit of $100 million, even with the savings from satellites. That is the fact that must be faced by Congress and the Administration in 1967: a federal tax and/or surcharge on all satellite users will have to be enacted if an ETV network is to be established.

Unfortunately, the profound benefits possible under a noncommercial and instructional television network are not widely understood in the country. Music, art, drama, news, documentaries, closed-circuit professional conferences, classes for the poor are among the objectives outlined before the FCC on behalf of satellite ETV.

The Ford Foundation, which in the past has spent $100 million on local ETV (far more than the federal government), plans to spend another $10 million to put on a fall nation-wide demonstration using land lines. One would hope that it could come while Congress is in session, as a belated terrestrial reply to AT&T's launch of Telstar during the 1962 filibuster over the Comsat bill.

Many of the pieces in the complicated ETV puzzle will



First Satellites in the Global Network, with Ground Stations Thus Far Established

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fall into place when the Carnegie Commission issues its report. It will assess not just satellite ETV but ETV generally. In particular it will bring into public view potentials of new and inexpensive means of video recording and playback. In general it will ventilate the issues that both video recording and satellite TV pose, namely, centralized control of instructional and other material.

One hopes that it will present a thoughtful answer to the financing question as well as to the problem of what type of organization can most intelligently handle programing. A danger is that differences of opinion over financing ETV will divert attention from the crucial question of how to establish a domestic satellite service.

The public interest is not clearly apparent in any of the rival plans now before the FCC. AT&T would have Comsat build the satellites and the carriers control the earth stations. All types of users, from telephone to television, would have access. "Ma Bell," as usual, is arguing for the "economies of scale" in regulated monopolies. The company also warns against the air-wave interference that might be expected if multiple satellite systems are authorized for special needs, such as Ford or the three commercial networks propose.

But AT&T's plan would allow carriers with their heavy investment in old technologies to control, in effect, the rate at which the public will gain access to cheaper communications tools.

On the other hand, AT&T's plan proposes the use of frequencies never before considered feasible for commercial applications. The introduction of a new frequency band would have the effect of relieving pressure on the spectrum. And that pressure is already so great that a telecommunications science panel at the Commerce Department described it as a "silent crisis" that is having a slowing effect on the nation's economic growth rate.

Ford's plan and one offered by the networks—while conflicting—speak persuasively to the basic point that there need not be monopoly in the domestic system. But these plans, concerned with specialized needs, fudge over the problem of how less glamorous uses, such as telephone, telegraph and computer communications, can be served. The American Newspaper Publishers Association found it necessary to tell the FCC that no matter what role is given Comsat and the common carriers, the commission should not rule out one or more private satellite systems.

The allegations that such competitive systems would cause harmful interference on the air waves can easily be tested by a neutral party such as the space agency; the FCC does not have to rely on the testimony of those with a pecuniary interest in the matter.

It is easy to sympathize with the neo-Populist who yearns to clip a "people's dividend" from the new technology. Indeed, since the government through June, 1966, has spent more than $493 million on communications satellites alone, it is not unreasonable to demand that, at a minimum, action be taken to give the nation a decent noncommercial educational network.

The situation is disconcerting, too, because the FCC, the institution with most responsibility for weighing the equities of the matter, has been intellectually and financially starved for twenty years.

One avenue of action open to concerned politicians, eggheads and citizens is to present a much richer context in which these upcoming major governmental decisions can be made. The time is ripe for an assessment in depth—from a consumer's point of view—of how the communications industry plans to use the new technology to serve its many varied clients.

A starting point would be the telecommunications science panel's report to Commerce Secretary John T. Connor, which, among other things, noted:

> The electromagnetic spectrum usable for telecommunications is an extremely valuable, in fact essential, but also limited resource, which must be shared nationally and internationally.
>
> It is an unusual resource in that it is not depleted by use. However, its value at any specific time can be drastically reduced by misuse.
>
> It is unusual in another sense in that it is currently allocated without a use charge and with no quantitative measure of its value to the national welfare.

With its domestic satellite house put in order, the country could then perhaps get on with the nobler and knottier challenge envisioned by Gavin.

That indeed would be, in Father Teilhard's phrase, a "prodigious biological event."

REUNION IN WARSAW

REMEMBERING NUREMBERG

VICTOR H. BERNSTEIN

Mr. Bernstein, a free-lance writer, was managing editor of The Nation *from 1952 to 1963. He is the author of* Final Judgment: The Story of Nuremberg.

It almost seemed that the Poles had the gift of prescience. They sent out their invitations months before a resurgent German Right marched to the polls last November, and a former Nazi was elevated to the chancellorship at Bonn. I received mine early in July. "We invite you," it said, "to take part in a Meeting of Former Nuremberg Trial Correspondents to take place in Warsaw on Nov. 11 and 12 to mark the twentieth anniversary of the trial." It was signed in behalf of an *ad hoc* committee of the Polish Journalists Association.

I was pleased that someone had thought the trial anniversary worth marking.* For eleven months in 1945-46 the

*Only after returning home did I learn that the National Lawyers Guild had noted the occasion with a meeting in Washington, D. C.

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Nuremberg courthouse had commanded major headlines in a shocked world press; for a few years after that, lawyers and journalists (myself included) had published appraisals of what took place there. After that came a period of forgetting—a forgetting so complete that an American President could go before a crowd of roaring Germans and say, apparently quite without reservation or inhibition, *Ich bin ein Berliner*. Only in the last year has the word Nuremberg begun to reappear in the American vocabulary; specifically, in the speech of civil liberties attorneys, who cite the Nuremberg judgment in defense of boys who refuse to fight in Vietnam.

On our way to Warsaw, my wife and I stopped at Nuremberg. I had not been there since the trial, and I wanted to see whether Nuremberg's memory was any better than ours in America. From tourist pamphlets picked up in our hotel lobby I learned that Nuremberg is 900 years old; that during World War II Allied bombers destroyed 45.6 per cent of all homes and heavily damaged another 14.8 per cent; that the people of Nuremberg had rebuilt these structures and added more; and that parts of the old town had been rebuilt with exact fidelity to the originals. But of Julius Streicher and the Party Days, the Nuremberg Laws and the trial—nothing.

I mentioned the omissions to a local journalist—a young, well-informed German of liberal leanings. "We don't like to be reminded of our guilt," he said. "When Speer and von Shirach were released from prison a few weeks ago, some German papers gave it a big play; the Nuremberg papers buried it in a paragraph or so on an inside page." He thought a moment. "During the campaign before our last municipal election, the neo-Nazis were very active. My newspaper attacked them violently. But they won 5 per cent of the vote, and for the first time since the war won seats on the city legislature. Our editors decided that we had given them too much publicity and that henceforth we would ignore them." Ignoring them didn't help either; in the recent elections, Nuremberg gave the National Democratic Party 13 per cent of the city's total vote—more than any other large German community.

In the evening our journalist friend drove us to the grounds, once so familiar to millions of newsreel viewers, where the Nazis had celebrated their annual Party Day. The stone platform and balcony rail which served as Hitler's reviewing stand have been left untouched by man, but not by nature. Grass sprouts from crevices in the stone; and at the opposite end of the grounds, hidden now in the darkness, GIs have built a baseball diamond. Nearby stands another artifact of Hitler's 1,000-year Reich: the great coliseum, or Party Congress Hall, for which Hitler never did find the time to build a roof, and for which Nuremberg's architects and city planners have not yet found a use. "Practically nobody comes here now," said our guide, "except members of the Nuremberg Philharmonic. They use one of the rooms as a rehearsal hall."

The next morning I visited the courthouse, most of which is now occupied by administrators of the U.S. Post Exchange system for Europe. In an end wing, the German judiciary sits; and on the top floor of this wing, in Room 600, U.S. Chief Counsel Robert Jackson opened the American case twenty years ago:

> In the prisoners' dock stand twenty-odd broken men. The forces which these defendants represent are the darkest and most sinister forces in society. . . . Their acts have bathed the world in blood and set civilization back a century.

The defendants are mostly gone; the trial, and time, have seen to that. The forces they represented are another matter.

From a German information clerk, I learned that Germans are not curious about the history of Room 600, but Americans are, and sometimes other foreign visitors. To meet this demand, American authorities have arranged semi-weekly one-hour guided tours of the courtroom, the prison cells downstairs and the execution chamber, now a wood-working room for German prisoners.

In the courtyard, I fell into conversation with a middle-aged German whose car was parked next to mine. "Oh yes, I remember the trial of the war criminals," he said spitefully. "Look how many wars there have been since! And have there been any more Nuremberg trials? Why did everybody pick on us?"

We arrived in Warsaw the day before the conference opened. The organizing committee had set up an information office, manned by multilingual personnel, in the hotel at which all the foreign participants were lodged. I was told there would be thirty-one conferees: six Poles, seven Russians, seven Frenchmen, five Britons, three Czechs, a Hollander, a Yugoslav, and myself as the only American.

Since hundreds of newsmen had covered the trial in whole or in part, the turn-out seemed to me disappointing. The committee chairman told me: "We could not find a complete list of accredited correspondents. Then we had difficulty making contact; many people proved untraceable and a number have died. Altogether we sent out 150 invitations. In view of the time and expense involved in coming here, especially from distant countries, a 20 per cent turn-out is not bad."

Many who did come brought with them formidable credentials. Dominique Auclerc of *Le Figaro*, Boris Afanasiev of Tass and Sefton Delmar, formerly of the London *Daily Express*, are journalists known in many countries outside their own. And since Nuremberg others among us had built reputations in fields other than journalism. Among the French were Pierre Bouzat, Secretary General of the International Association for Penal Law, and Didier Lazard of the Institute of Political Studies; the Russian delegation included several jurists and a poet, Siemion Kirsanov; Yugoslavia, too, was represented by a poet, Oscar Davico; and among the Britons was a writer, Lord Russell of Liverpool (no relation to the fire-eating nonagenarian) who participated in the British Zone war-crimes trials as a deputy judge advocate general.

The Poles had given the matter of conference procedures much thought. There would be five sessions, they said, spread over two days; they proposed that the chair be rotated among the representatives of the Big Four plus Poland. Between sessions, the five chairmen would serve as a steering committee. As for agenda, there was to be none: everyone should be free to discuss whatever was on his mind, subject only to the chairman's decision as to rele-

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vance. To encourage still further the free exchange of ideas, it might be agreed that no published report of the conference would cite any speaker by name. (I have abided by that restriction in what follows here.)

The Poles felt strongly that our generation has forgotten Nuremberg, and that the younger generation has never been told about it. "I would hope," the committee chairman said, "that the conference will find a way to point up this problem." Then he added: "We have also in mind the establishment of a small office, perhaps here in Poland, to publicize the resurgence of Nazism wherever and whenever it occurs." I thought there would be much support for such an office. "But," I said, "suppose an ex-Nazi is appointed to an important position in East Germany. Will you feel free to criticize? How far does your 'wherever' extend"? One of the other Poles in the group smiled. Nothing further was said on the subject—then, or during the succeeding two days of conferences.

Our meetings were held at Jablonna Castle on the outskirts of Warsaw, once the home of Polish aristocracy, now used for conferences and as a weekend resort for Polish academicians. We sat comfortably around the rim of long tables arranged in a square. To emphasize the personal and unofficial nature of the meeting, we were placed alphabetically by name, and not by country. I sat between a Frenchman and a Russian. Four-way instantaneous translation was provided: Polish, French, English and Russian.

From the time I had received my invitation I had expected that the conference would at some point shift to an attack on American policy in Vietnam. The link to Nuremberg was plain enough: the Nuremberg judgment had laid down strictures against wars of aggression, against genocide, against the defense of "superior order." If American attorneys were citing Nuremberg against the war, could one expect the Communists to do less?

If the subject came up, I, as the only American present, would be expected to say something. And that was the trouble. If I had no desire to defend an American policy in which I disbelieved, I was equally reluctant to join in an attack in these circumstances. While I do not believe in geographic limits to freedom of speech, I prefer to do my dissenting at home.

The early sessions did not allay my apprehensions; they merely postponed them. The chairman of the organizing committee welcomed us gracefully, and summarized the questions he hoped we would discuss: What were the permanent values of the Nuremberg trial? What is the trial's relevance to the contemporary scene?

The session chairman took over and recognized the first speaker, a Russian. We journalists, he said, had the "moral responsibility" to keep alive the memory of Nuremberg. "But in this we failed, for the young generation doesn't know what happened there—and there are many people, especially across the water, who have turned their backs upon it." (So early? I thought. Is the attack coming now? No, not yet.) In West Germany, the speaker continued, "the past is becoming again a political reality." He praised West German intellectuals who opposed Nazism: "We must protect them against what may happen in their country." Europe's tensions, he went on, will continue until East Germany is recognized, there is formal acceptance of Poland's western border, and Bonn drops its Hallstein Doctrine (under which West Germany refuses diplomatic relations with any country recognizing East Germany). Possible West German access to nuclear weapons was also a serious problem: "We are not afraid that they will use the bomb in battle; we are afraid that they will use it as blackmail to achieve their aims."

The next speaker, a Pole, picked up the problem of reeducating the world about Nuremberg. He had made a "superficial" study of the treatment given the trial by various encyclopedias, and he was not happy. His chief criticism was leveled at *Brockhaus*, the standard encyclopedia in West Germany, which he contrasted with *Meyers*, common in East Germany. He found the latter's treatment to be "correct and honest" and German war guilt discussed frankly and as frankly condemned; though, he added, "in all fairness" the *Meyers* entry should have pointed out that West Germany is still bringing war criminals into court. *Brockhaus*, on the other hand, he found "emotionally uncommitted" in its treatment. It pedantically lists what it calls the "deficiencies" of the war crimes trials, neglects to say that at Nuremberg all but one of the defendants were found guilty of crimes against humanity as well as of war crimes, and barely mentions the extermination of Jewry. "Without doubt," *Brockhaus* notes, "some of the war crimes trials were concerned with real crimes." This is the closest the encyclopedia comes to expressing an editorial point of view.

The British journalist who spoke next had arrived in Warsaw direct from a meeting of the German Right in Bavaria. "The speakers must have been educated by *Brockhaus*," he said grimly. Three thousand people had paid two marks (50c) each to hear speeches exonerating the Germans of war guilt. Most of the audience were middle-aged or older, but there was a sprinkling of youth. "If industry money ever swings behind the National Democrats, we are in for real trouble." The great menace, he thought, lies in German Irredentism: "No matter how much retribution the Germans make to Jews and their other victims, they remain a danger to peace as long as they persist in demanding the return of territory."

At this point, a French journalist added a footnote: "Twenty years ago we should have told the Germans: 'You will remain occupied until you accept, officially and permanently, your postwar boundaries.' Now it is too late."

The next few speakers swung back to Nuremberg. "The cold war," said a Pole, "buried the guilt of the Nazis." (And blunted the American conscience? It will come now, I thought. But it didn't.) "We are now forced into the position of defending the Nuremberg trial." The speaker cited the "incredible fact" that a West German has brought suit against an American member of the prosecution staff, now living in West Germany, for having helped to deliver the Nuremberg defendants to the hangman.

A Polish jurist depreciated the pessimism expressed so far. "From a legal point of view, the Nuremberg judgment has achieved much." Its principles are embodied in the UN Declaration of Human Rights, in the Convention on Genocide and in the 1949 Geneva Convention on the Protection of the Victims of War, as well as in the 1947 peace treaty with Italy. The Nuremberg judgment is cited

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directly in the treaty with Japan of 1951. In 1949, the UN General Assembly asked its International Law Commission to codify the principles and to examine the possibility of establishing an international penal court to administer them. "The commission, technically, is still charged with the task, but has done nothing since 1950. Politics, not law, has held up this task." A French jurist pointed out that disagreement between Moscow and Washington on the definition of aggression has held up this important work.

So went the first couple of sessions. At a late dinner, I found myself next to a Polish journalist whom I had known quite well at Nuremberg and in whose discretion—and information—I could trust. We discussed the proceedings and I asked: "Who will bring up Vietnam and Lord Russell's 'second Nuremberg' "?

My friend smiled. "Nobody on our side will bring up either subject. The Russians told us, before they came here, that they didn't want the conference turned into an anti-American, anti-Vietnamese demonstration. *They were very positive about it.* The Yugoslavs wanted to bring up Vietnam, but they have been persuaded not to. As for Lord Russell's plan, we don't take it seriously, and neither do the Russians. Whatever his faults, Johnson is no Hitler." (I thought this information of sufficient importance to warrant relaying to the U.S. Ambassador in Warsaw, and so informed my Polish friend. His reply took me aback. "But

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of course," he said. "Isn't it your duty as a citizen to report everything to your Ambassador?" In this instance, I took his advice. Subsequently, a Soviet journalist confirmed that his country had displayed little interest in Lord Russell's maneuver.)

My Polish friend's prophecy held up. During the final sessions, neither the United States nor Vietnam was mentioned, though there were a couple of near misses. The Yugoslav, in the course of an extraordinarily eloquent plea in behalf of the sanctity of human life, mentioned the word "napalm." And a Russian sternly reminded us that it is "the duty of intellectuals everywhere to defend humanity everywhere—in Europe, in America, in Africa and in Asia." (It is interesting that the two speakers who came nearest to attacking American policy were neither journalists, jurists nor politicians, but poets.)

In my own brief intervention, I expressed the view that there was little disposition in the United States to relieve the Nuremberg defendants of their burden of guilt; indeed, I suggested, by determinedly fixing war guilt on dead Germans, we have found it easier to exculpate the living. ("I bet a lot of Germans are thinking along the same lines," a Frenchman sitting near me muttered.)

The final session was interrupted for a visit with Poland's Premier Josef Cyrankiewicz at his offices. Over coffee, served in aristocratic purple and gold china, the Premier spoke of his days as a prisoner at Auschwitz and Mauthausen. Then he switched to relations with today's two Germanys. *On reunification*: "This can come only after recognition of the German Democratic Republic as a sovereign state, and recognition by Bonn of the border *status quo*. How can we accept as a neighbor a government which refuses to recognize our Western border?" *On democracy in West Germany*: "We support the democratic elements in West Germany, especially the youth and intellectuals. Unhappily, we are convinced that these elements exert little influence on their country's policies." *On the West German Right*: "The danger is as great as thirty years ago. The problem is not how strong, numerically, is the National Democratic Party, but whether it is in fact isolated from the German people. I am sorry to say that the nationalist program expresses the subconscious of the majority of Germans, just as the Nazi program did from the party's earliest days." *On East German nationalism*: "No doubt it exists, but what is important is the attitude of the governing circles. In East Germany the government educates its youth to the truth about the Nazis and World War II; it is eradicating many German military traditions; it has formally recognized our Western border and in other ways cooperates with us. That is why we support the regime in East Berlin."

I thought the Premier's attack on West Germany an impressive performance. It would have been more impressive had I not seen him drive off, afterward, in a Mercedes.

Back at Jablonna Castle, in the final minutes of our closing session, we approved the text of a message to UNESCO, asking that organization to review, with an eye to suggesting improvements, the sources from which world youth is most likely to obtain its knowledge of the evidence uncovered at Nuremberg: school texts, encyclopedias and mass-communications media generally. We also approved a general press release which noted, *inter alia*, that "the conferees took notice of an appeal by the jurists among them that the United Nations complete its task . . . of formulating an international penal code to be administered by an international court of justice. . . . It was further agreed that the imposition of any statute of limitations for war crimes would be contrary to the principles of morality and justice."

The Poles' motive for calling this conference was in part intensely partisan and political: they want the Oder-Neisse border recognized, and they don't want any German reunification which threatens to dilute East Berlin with Bonn. But to emphasize these political factors is to neglect, I think, the dominating element in Slav thinking: the burning fear of a revival of the German Right. This became clear not only at the conference table (where every Slav repeatedly used the word "genocide," treating it not as a historic phenomenon but as a living threat), but also on Warsaw's streets. Scores of wall plaques, scattered through the city, mark spots where Polish resistance fighters, or Polish hostages, fell before Nazi bullets; and more often than not, a fresh flower or two lies on the sidewalk beneath the memorial. For the Pole, the remembrance of things past is ordained as national policy. Polish school children are routinely taken on tours of Warsaw and shown the plaques, the ghetto memorial and other monuments to Nazi savagery.

I am aware, of course, of widespread current reports of continued Polish anti-Semitism. I met no overt signs of this in Warsaw. There were several Jews in the Polish delegation to the conference, and they seemed neither happier nor less happy than their colleagues. Outside the conference, I heard several things which disturbed me, but I had no opportunity to check them. I did get the impression that the few thousand Jews left in the country are in process of rapid and complete assimilation. Other and more qualified observers have been similarly impressed.

For some of us, then, the conference served a useful purpose: it made us see today's Germany through the eyes of Eastern Europe. The meetings could, of course, have tried—and with the utmost relevance—to do much more. The purpose of the international trial at Nuremberg was not only to punish aggressors but to lay down the law against aggression; not only to dispense justice to war criminals but to stop war crimes and crimes against peace. Many speakers took cognizance of this broader context, but none directly assayed the implications. Perhaps it is just as well. Had the Russians brought up Vietnam, one or more of us from the West would surely have brought up Stalin's concentration camps, or Khrushchev's tanks in Budapest, East Berlin and Warsaw. And, in turn, we would have had to fight the battle of the Bay of Pigs, and of the Dominican Republic, all over again.

I think, instinctively, we recognized that there are priorities in villainies as in everything else; after all, it had been neither the Russians nor ourselves who had turned Europe into an *abattoir* a little more than twenty years ago. So we stuck to our chosen priority. The only thing is, I thought as I gathered up my notes, East Europe needs no education on this particular subject. We should have held our conference not in Warsaw but in Nuremberg.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Styles in Educated Females

LIFE STYLES OF EDUCATED WOMEN. *By Eli Ginzberg and others. Columbia University Press. 224 pp. $5.95.*
EDUCATED AMERICAN WOMEN: Self-Portraits. *Edited by Eli Ginzberg. Columbia University Press. 224 pp. $5.95.*
WOMEN AND THE SCIENTIFIC PROFESSIONS. *Edited by Jacquelyn A. Mattfeld and Carol G. Van Aken. The M.I.T. Press. 250 pp. $6.95.*

THELMA McCORMACK
Mrs. McCormack teaches sociology at York University in Toronto.

Brainy women have always had their admirers as well as their detractors. From Héloïse to Franny, the female student has had a special place in literature. While among undergraduate women themselves, whether educated at school or privately, at home or abroad, in convents or secular institutions, life style has always been a major concern. Cushioned by wealth and leisure, exempt from work, these women were uniquely qualified to make the subtle normative and aesthetic choices that inspired novelists, playwrights and moralists (but not the social scientist). The choices, however, were narrow, variations within a class style, embellishing, refining, but not changing a culture. At best, it was an honorable tradition. Educated women dedicated themselves to art, to God, to orphans, to the deserving poor. At worst, it was frivolous, silly and childish. But either way, educated women were privileged women, providing models for other privileged women.

With mass education, educated women are no longer drawn exclusively from the upper class, and those who are wish to dissociate themselves from the unproductive life, from patterns of leisure that are synonymous with patterns of consumption. The young heiress pleads poverty and yearns to prove herself through merit scholarships and work. Like other producers, she wishes to be paid as a symbol of her achievement and her democratic solidarity with the middle class. In short, the life style of the educated woman is no longer a class style even for those who have this option.

But if the life style of educated women is no longer a class style, what is it? And if it is not contingent upon leisure, where and how is it expressed? Can work in an industrial society replace consumption as the basis of life style?

Examining the life styles of educated women in Eli Ginzberg's study of women who held fellowships at Columbia University (from 1945-51), nothing emerges so clearly as the lack of style. Having left behind them an undergraduate culture with its mannerisms or pseudo styles, these women go forth from Morningside Heights to become white-collar workers in government and academic bureaucracies, or to become suburban matrons committed to *Kinder*, CORE and gourmet *Küche*. Occasionally they surface, protesting against discrimination in hiring and promotion, the lack of domestic help and the disappearance of the extended family, bemoaning nepotism rules and the distances between home and library. But the overall impression is of a group of women who are intelligent, rarely intellectual; competent, rarely creative; performing necessary and useful services, rarely critical. Not a Beatrice Webb or a Simone de Beauvoir, not a Hannah Arendt or a Simone Weil among them. They are in every sense of the word—socially, intellectually and economically—underemployed.

Why this feminine *trahison des clercs*? The explanation lies, I think, along four dimensions: (1) the value system of women who go to graduate schools; (2) the programs of study in graduate schools; (3) the type of employment sought or available; and, above all, (4) the difficulties in a competitive individualistic society of converting job into vocation.

Graduate women in this study are generally middle class, from families where one parent was a college graduate; three out of four had mothers who worked either before or after marriage. The tone of graduate school is set, then, by a type of woman who is there for a specific purpose. Training herself for a job or economic self-sufficiency ("if it should ever be necessary"), she is not inclined to sit around speculating on Final Causes or to develop the conspiratorial group pride of an earlier generation of bluestocking renegades. Five out of six women, Ginzberg found, did graduate work in the same or closely related fields as their undergraduate majors. In other words, the women who go to graduate school do so for advanced specialization, and they are not the women plagued by self-doubt or philosophical *Angst*.

Graduate schools, alas, are not "think tanks." They reflect and reinforce a narrow vision by encouraging specialization and rewarding the most promising future specialists. It is not for all minds and all temperaments. But more crucial for the development of life style is the emphasis in the American graduate school on developing a professional attitude. Professionalism is defined as methodological sophistication, detachment, noninvolvement and objectivity. In the short run, this emphasis is to a woman's advantage, liberating her from the stereotype which associates femininity with subjectivity, sentimentality and irrationality. In the long run, however, it is a disservice, deepening a separation between mind and experience, denying the fusion of knowledge and life. After all, it was not objectivity that made Beatrice Webb, Simone de Beauvoir, Hannah Arendt or Simone Weil, but history, their own direct or indirect involvement in it, their sensitivity to human experience which made them acutely conscious of where established concepts failed.

A curriculum which concentrates so strongly on method results in polarizing intelligent women between tough-minded careerists and tender-minded amateurs, between those who refuse to make value judgments and those who do nothing but. Hence, the educated woman supported by a husband may curse her good fortune instead of regarding it as a godsend, as a Fulbright without strings. She does not use her leisure to explore what Robert S. Lynd called the "outrageous hypotheses" or the speculative inquiries that are an anathema to the established profession or the long-range studies neglected by men in pursuit of promotion. Instead, her leisure is dissipated. Her face is pressed against the windows of offices, classrooms and laboratories, giving moral support to her former classmates within. Inside, the more critical women find their output increasingly irrelevant and, after a long day of committee and paper work, come to suspect that they have won a Pyrrhic victory.

Classifying the careers of graduate women, Professor Ginzberg discerns various types and subgroups within them: women striving for independence and self-expression; women who wish to be influential; a third group whose orientation is supportive; a fourth whose approach is communal. Of these, the largest statistically was the first group; the

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smallest was the communal; her prototype was a nun. In view of this distribution, any comparison between the modern educated working woman and her frontier antecedent is spurious. The frontier woman was not concerned with self-expression but in protecting, maintaining and developing a viable, independent community. Her counterpart today is not found in the United States but in countries where the state has replaced the community. In this context, as on the frontier, the successful, aggressive woman does not threaten the male ego, for his ego, like hers, is subordinate to the transcending ideological task. American feminists are puzzled and dismayed to find that in countries like India and Japan women are more fully accepted in the higher echelons and in such traditional male strongholds as science and politics. They forget that their own emancipation was historically part of a laissez-faire society, that their equality, like equality generally, was interpreted as freedom from social obligation, freedom to compete. Now they are trapped with this ideology and are the victims of its backlash.

Nowhere is the problem of competition with men more brutally confronted than in the sciences; that is, in the intellectual disciplines most closely connected with business enterprise, most closely associated with power, and most richly rewarded. This is why a book reporting a conference held at M.I.T. on women in science is so interesting. All the participants recognized that women in science were viewed by men as a "threat," but none questioned the competitive ethos or its relevance in such a collaborative process as science. Begging the question, they tried to find some workable formula whereby women could compete as equals —tactfully; in other words, how to live with or live down the myth of the castrating bitch.

The answer usually given is that all will turn out for the best if women keep in mind that their primary responsibility is to their children and husbands. Alice Rossi and Jesse Bernard are among the few to challenge this sacred cow, arguing that marriage is not for all women (Bernard) and children are the joint responsibility of fathers and mothers (Rossi). In other words, a broader interpretation of the roles of women. Bruno Bettelheim took a more orthodox line with respect to *das Ewig-Weibliche*, but not as rigid as some of his colleagues in psychiatry. There is, he says, a female approach, different from the male whether it is in the bedroom or the drafting room. Its essence is to embrace rather than conquer a problem, to interiorize rather than expand the boundaries. The problem of competition here is solved by complementary roles which parallel the sex roles.

Embrace or conquer, neither touches the crux of the problem which is the nature of commitment. These postures are stylistic but not style. Vocation is the only style that matters in intellectual life. It is neither the self-expression of the competing woman nor the self-denial of the ideological woman. It is more socially responsive than the first; more politically independent than the second. Science as a calling, Max Weber once wrote, is a total subordination to work in the knowledge that truths won in the struggle to dominate ignorance and confusion are quickly obsolete, forgotten in a ruthlessly advancing cumulative development. Personal glory is brief and cannot be consciously pursued or put aside, like surplus earnings, for future investment. Vocation, then, is not for prima donnas, entrepreneurs or martyrs, for its discipline depersonalizes ego.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that there is something unnatural or superhuman or heroic about the discipline. Vocation is like any other organizing principle of life; its discipline is different from the others, but no more demanding in terms of human nature. Nor is vocation an arbitrary phenomenon, a voice within heard by the elect. There is nothing that we know about human nature and social organization to suggest that vocation cannot be an institutionalized pattern of social behavior in work and leisure. Indeed, one can argue that when vocation is restricted to a few, when it is the basis of an elite, the people involved develop the blind spots of an elite which distort the social function of vocation.

There is, then, a life style that is an alternative to a class style, and a life style that is based on work rather than consumption. But it has its own ground rules. American women, because they are marginal, not because they are women, are in a position to explore it. To institutionalize it, however, requires that the culture of work and leisure be changed radically; only after that, the roles of women. To change the roles of women without changing the culture is merely exchanging one form of alienation for another.

With the Saints and Martyrs

THE WOMAN WITH THE LITTLE FOX. *By Violette Leduc. Translated by Derek Coltman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 297 pp. $4.95.*

MURIEL HAYNES
Miss Haynes has written reviews for The Massachusetts Review, Studies on the Left, Book Week *and the English publications,* Views *and* Tribune.

The reviews of Violette Leduc's autobiography, *La Bâtarde*, struck me as vulgar or patronizing, sometimes both. The tactic employed was that described by Sartre in *Saint Genet*: separation of the writer's talent from his being, of which it is expression. The socio-historic meanings of Mlle. Leduc's life experience and their relation to her role as artist were generally unexplored. Satisfied that this bulging suitcase held nothing more than an assortment of soiled linen, our literary censors snapped the lid shut with a burst of middle-class moral judgments in which conventional male attitudes were frequently visible. Repugnance was mingled with some pity and a pious invocation of popular psychological labels. Her idiosyncratic prose was deservedly praised, yet here, too, one was plagued by obtuseness. Poetic or sensuously rich it might be, but its repetitively revealing imagery, its function as private symbolism for her psychic attitudes, were unremarked.

It was not her book, but her "honesty" and "courage" in writing it that all agreed was eminently commendable. So much consolation can be found in the purgative of a damned soul's confession! Our society has made outcasts of its artists; therefore some, by the admission of literal sins, are more outcast than others, and for that reason alone will find esteem. Mlle. Leduc's novels had gone unnoticed in France outside that small coterie which has its own inner necessity to seek salvation through linking arms with the saints and martyrs. When with *La Bâtarde* she was cast as Simone de Beauvoir's Genet (a role clearly awaiting a woman), her obscurity was exchanged for notoriety.

This collection of three novellas (her novels remain unpublished here), confirms an impression of her autobiography as an uneven, perfervid letter to the world in which she struggled to find the communion denied her in her life and writing. She was defeated. To the reasons adduced above, we must add her own artistic failure. The extraordinary intensity of her recall of childhood betrayal coerced her memoirs, as it had her existence, into a continuous howling re-enactment. One longed for the im-

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position of some distance, her release as well as ours, from that "frightful quantity of I's and me's," which Stendhal correctly foresaw could render the writer tiresome.

The fictional process has brought respite from Mlle. Leduc's self-indulgent trancelike stare at her mirrored reflection. She has shifted her eyes, as it were, to look over her shoulder. Pursuing herself from this changed perspective, backward and forward in time, she wrests from her overwhelming early experience a set of alternate possibilities. With these stories of three women, she moves us with minor, wholly original art.

La Bâtarde exasperated: the novellas are agitating. We waver between mystification and blood recognition; so, one imagines it must be, to witness primitive rites. Bits of objective information—a packet of instant pudding, typists' fingers, gift-wrap ribbon—tell us the events are of our day. But the evidence is irrelevant; we are floating in existential time. An intractable lens twists the familiar world into strange shapes which reason rejects but to which our instinct responds.

"What cause could she have for apprehension? Her world consisted of nothing but what she had invented." The old woman of the title story talks to herself as she wanders through Paris streets, back to her miserable room, hugging her mangy fox neckpiece. What we invent is wholly ours; we cannot be separated from it. In the invention lies our safety, our autonomy. The aged woman of "The Woman With the Little Fox," Clothilde in "The Golden Buttons," and Clarisse of "The Old Maid and the Dead Man," each remains the humiliated child for whom the stratagem of love is to circumvent loss by a gambit which permits absolute possession. Like herself, the old lady's love object is cast out, a foxpiece she rescued from a garbage can. Demanding nothing, eternally faithful, her little fox frees her from the agony of rejection. Her friends likewise make no claims; they are her silent familiars of the Paris scene whom she visits daily: "the gray monk, the river"; the stores whose windows' contents are "her family life"; the crowd which "engulfed her like a lover." Though she is starving, she forgoes bread to buy a Metro ticket to keep her assignation with the anonymous popsicle eater. "They sat together on the same bench, as train succeeded train, as she nibbled, as she sucked through the teeth and drank the saliva of a friend to whom she would never speak." The loved one becomes an extension of self, a self who "dreams for two," and who decides and caresses for two, the other passive, even indifferent. In the end, it is she who commits the act of infidelity, for she, being human, is alone free to exercise her will. In repentance for her treachery, she prepares for bed and puts on her foxpiece over her nightgown. "He would sleep forever and she would wear him always, curled around her neck."

Similarly, Clarisse evades the threatening duality of love by assuming the role of both subject and object. As a young girl, fastidious, aspiringly bookish, she had held herself apart and became a spinster by choice. "I was waiting for a wise man to come to the village to learn how to hoe and lend me books." The sentence is revealing of the author's addiction to an aristocracy of the spirit in which delicacy mingles easily with a robust zest for country chores. One night Clarisse discovers a dead man in the café she owns, and succumbs to an ecstacy of tenderness. She bathes his feet, cleans his stained shirt, repairs his broken boots, and lifts his lids to gaze into his eyes, knowing "no real companion would have allowed himself to be taken care of like this." The dead man is a laborer, and she dimly senses he had come to her door earlier in the day seeking work, but her thought is fugitive, without remorse. Mlle. Leduc's subjectivity offers no room for conventional ironies. Clarisse regrets only that the man can give her nothing of himself to keep. His pockets yield no more than an old Metro ticket and an empty packet of Gauloises. "What she was asking for, what she was trying to say to him, was nothing but the sound of her voice as she spoke to him in a tone she had never heard herself use before."

The inanimate is the most trustworthy love object of all, and the dialogue of love most satisfying when it is uttered by the subject voice, questions and answers alike. Carried to its logical end, the passion for possession, for unattainable fidelity and oneness, outwits the pain of separation by courting it and thus making it a sweetness in itself. "Yes, he was going to leave . . . that was what made him beyond price," Clothilde murmurs of Georges in "The Golden Buttons."

Clothilde is the composite Leduc heroine, a rugged farm child, rooted in the earth, whose hooded eyes and Annamese nose are the mark of the alien, the different one. She is at once innocent and wise, with a sensibility gentler than her origins. Her emotional ambition foretells her doom. The story describes her search for affinity with leisurely serenity. It is subtle, intricate; an outward simplicity masks a blend of the ordinary and the fantastic. Clothilde's quest begins when she is cast out by her coarse gamekeeper father whom she hates. She is given haven by old Mme. Relicat, for whom she is the child her husband could not give her, as for Clothilde she is the mother who is hers alone. For Clothilde's own mother is worn out with drudgery and childbearing and prefers to talk to her chickens rather than to her children.

"The Golden Buttons" is a parable, a fairy tale, for the author's anarchic reordering of the forces of good and evil. Love's perfection lies in its unfeasibility. Marriage is more often than not malign, the unhappiness of couples with each other is a betrayal shifted to their children. Women are born to indignity and their freedom lies in the contrivances by which they carry renunciation to the extreme of

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self-effacement, as for example in insanity, old age and barrenness. Mlle. Leduc sees acquisitiveness as a ravishment of human feeling as well as of nature's gifts. "His maples," says Clothilde, mocking her father's words as she trails behind through the woods. "The forest doesn't belong to him."

In the tradition of Baudelaire, nature, for the author, is not indifferent; it abounds in meanings which we must search out. "To find something, no matter how learned or ignorant we may be, is to dip one's finger into cerulean blue." Blue, the benevolence of the protective sky, echoes through these stories like an incantation. We remember the child Violette in *La Bâtarde* who buried her face in her grandmother's blue apron, and who later with Hermine, plunged into the azure depths. It is the color of the dead man's eyes, with its promise for Clarisse of self-loss in the rapture of touching. Abandonment to touch, without fear of rebuff, is love's exquisite, transitory blessing. The old women, withered repositories of thwarted longing, against whom Clothilde hurls herself, are themselves nearly objects of nature, like the quivering trees she clasps in joy. We recognize the vision of the womb haven which repairs the rupture of birth. Cocoons, nests and burrows fill the fancy of Mlle. Leduc's characters. Wrapped, warmed, enclosed, self cherishes self, "a caterpillar eating its own tail." Clarisse slept at night "curled up like a ball" to avoid the pebbles in her life which gathered at night in the bottom of her bed.

What can we do about Mlle. Leduc's world except open ourselves to its desperate ingenuity? Perverse, absurd, at times precious—there is a whole catalog of level-headed words to fling at it. Without explanations, Mlle. Leduc strains backward for mythic unity with the gods of earth and sky. She inverts in a revenge for that which we have, in large measure, already irrevocably inverted. A child beats her fists against the walls of her prison and concocts schemes to cheat her sentence of its terror. How many among us aren't playing some form of this game?

The Surrealist Quixote

HEBDOMEROS. *By Giorgio de Chirico. With an introduction by James A. Hodkinson. Four Seasons Book Society. 142 pp. $7.95. Paper $3.95.*

STEPHEN KOCH
Mr. Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

André Breton died in Paris early in October, a quixotic old man. Until the last, he had convened a few tired surrealists each week in a Paris café, there to issue his "directives." Until the last, he had kept up the violent para-militaristic rhetoric of a movement that had become a dead letter in France, a laughing joke. *The New York Times* obituary dwelt on Breton's weak points: his humorlessness; his grim pretensions; the narrow, authoritarian way he ruled a group supposedly dedicated to freedom; the doctrinaire intransigence which by the time he died had driven every gifted surrealist from his group. It was a sad, depressing end for the man who had led one of the most brilliant artistic movements of his time and evolved a set of principles that permanently changed modern art. He ended in utter triviality.

But what of surrealism itself? At the moment it seems to be taken much more seriously here than it is in France, and in general it influences painting much more than it does literature. There has lately been a burst of books and new translations about it: Maurice Nadeau's *History of Surrealism*, Mathew Josephson's *Surrealism and the Novel*, J. H. Mathew's *Surrealism* and Ferdinand Alquié's *Philosophy of Surrealism* have all appeared within a few months of one another (and I'm told there will shortly be a new translation of Breton's *Surrealist Manifestoes*), while certain classical surrealist heroes—Sade, Jarry, Lautréamont and Rimbaud—have all in the last couple of years appeared in new translations. The Museum of Modern Art last season gave a big retrospective of René Magritte, and the art magazines talk about surrealism constantly—indeed, *Artforum* recently devoted an entire issue to it.

The painters' continuing interest in surrealism is easily understood. The line of descent from the original Paris group to the Abstract Expressionists of the New York school is unbroken, often a matter of direct personal contact with refugees during the war. Among more recent painters, Robert Rauschenberg is explicitly "neo-dadaistic," while Jasper Johns—in a more reflective way—has pursued something like that line of glowing and elegant surrealist wit which, as Max Kozloff has pointed out, is also found in Magritte.

However, except for Burroughs, a few poets, and the accelerating influence of Antonin Artaud's surrealist theatre in drama, nothing like the painters' pervasive awareness of surrealism can be found in our literature. Whether this is good or bad, I cannot say—but it's worth noting that the surrealists turned out much finer literature than painting. Very little of this work has been translated, and much of it is untranslatable. I suspect that Paul Eluard in English would sound like an English Imagist or a pale imitation of Baudelaire—but even less satisfactory than the English versions of Baudelaire. And the most interesting work of Robert Desnos might well be as toneless and confused in English as Burroughs would be in French. Still, there are some good translations of Artaud (though we urgently need a replacement for City Lights's wretched *Artaud Anthology*, which unfortunately remains our only collection of his poetry) and more work by top-flight translators would do a lot to clear the air about surrealism and to give us some grasp of its real achievement.

One such book is *Hebdomeros*, Giorgio de Chirico's surrealist novel written in 1929. It is particularly valuable because Chirico was also one of the best surrealist painters, one of the few whose canvases are something more than historical curiosities. James Hodkinson's translation of this demanding work—accompanied by a lucid and informative introduction—is highly literate, and in places beautiful. Working entirely without assistance from the schools or foundations or big publishing houses, he has put a great deal of care into making available a classic of surrealism which should interest anyone concerned with modern painting and literature.

Hebdomeros is a book with a hero. That is the most important thing about it, and I mention it at once because Hebdomeros is no ordinary "central figure"; he strikes up on the page something like the charismatic postures of the classical heroes, and like them he moves through an enchanted, awesome, magic-ridden landscape which—though a mixture of the commonplace and the otherworldly—is charged with an electrically mysterious atmosphere that goads him into heroic poses, if not heroic actions. He is a strange, sad, 20th-century descendant of Odysseus, Roland, Lancelot and the White Knight, who "dreams about battles at the edge of the sea," and stands gazing over endless vistas, singing in his "powerful, musical voice: 'Farewell, high mountains and rocky peaks! Farewell nights bathed in the light of the moon! I am not struck down by sickness, and yet I am going to die!' " But Hebdomeros is also the heir of Don Quixote—he is indeed the surrealist Quixote. Like the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, he

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lives in a world where he does not belong, and like him, he is often a figure of fun. The mysteries he confronts are often merely amusing fetishes — "like Orestes pursued by the Furies he fled those who ate lobsters"—and the glittering disorder of his own mind is so at odds with reality that he sometimes wonders whether "life is nothing but an immense lie? Nothing but the shadow of a dream?"

But unlike the world of Cervantes' great book, there is no clear distinction between the real world and the hero's fantasy in *Hebdomeros*. Both are fused surrealistically, so that we are never asked to give credence to one or the other. Thus, when Hebdomeros enters a garden filled with old men who have turned to stone, they are neither real nor mere projections of his imagination. Chirico has rather fitted out Hebdomeros' mind *as* a physical landscape, and paid no attention to the distinction between the inner and outer life. Thus, if Hebdomeros is not at home in the world of the book it is because he is at odds with himself; if he is the surrealist Quixote, it is because he has an imagination that both dreams and doubts at once.

As Mr. Hodkinson makes clear in his introduction, Chirico was not—like some of the surrealists—an inspired, wild-eyed illiterate but a man thoroughly schooled by his highly cultivated Italian parents and by an Italian and German university education in the best traditions of classical European culture. He arrived in Paris at a time when such a background was being violently called into question by the *avant-garde*, and despite his training, he does not seem to have had the intellectual equipment needed to resolve the extreme contradictions that his prolix education had created in him. Though his mind was cluttered with the exalted paraphernalia of the past, he also wanted to "engage himself" culturally, to take a position, to *live*. This conflict is felt everywhere in his novel, as it is in his painting and biography. Though one habitually thinks of him as dead, Chirico is still alive: the ex-darling of the *avant-garde* has returned to Italy to fritter his time in a splenetic, Philistine, academic defense of "tradition."

With Chirico's background in mind, it becomes clear that the homeless pathos that pervades both *Hebdomeros* and his painting partly springs from their common struggle with an excessively rationalized past and an irrational present. It's a question of a young man wanting to express an ungovernable verve and force of feeling, but having at his disposal for this task only the musty forms of an antiquated, merely academic "cultivation"—to which he is also partly committed. But this struggle does not ruin Chirico as an artist and writer. On the contrary, it sometimes results in a charged, haunted impasse of great force and pathos. There is an academic element even in Chirico's best paintings. Haunted and timeless and unworldly though they are, they are filled with the classical busts and heroic plaster casts of the classroom, and their schoolmasterish perspectives narrow in on faceless deserted Renaissance plazas. In typical surrealist fashion, Chirico did not create a new style in painting. He merely broke apart the conventional styles to produce his irrational "atmospheres."

This same academic element is found in *Hebdomeros*, though in a different way. Chirico (a so-called "literary" painter) is also a painterlike writer who is most at home describing visual scenes that greatly resemble the irrational landscapes of his canvases. As in the paintings, one is brought into contact with an imagination afflicted with solitude—Hebdomeros is a knight-errant, wandering alone in the past, futilely attempting to reach the present and contemporaries who are less obsessed with the past's dead attractions. The result is moving—a mental landscape filled with specters and mysteries; with heroic postures and absurdity; with doubt and exhilaration and boredom, where the hero wanders alone in much surrealistic glamour, but where he can never quite liberate himself and take his own stride.

Interior Order

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT: A Study in Architectural Content. *By Norris Kelly Smith. Prentice-Hall. 182 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.45.*

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul is professor of English at the University of Illinois. His most recent book is Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time (*University of Illinois Press*). *He is also the author of* Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought (*Prentice-Hall*).

One needn't accept the assumptions or conclusions of this study to appreciate the kind of inquiry Mr. Smith has undertaken. He is interested in the "architectural content" of Frank Lloyd Wright's work—in its metaphorical expression or meaning; with how it stands in relation to his awareness of the world, the philosophy and ethics he believed to be the ultimate gift of the architect. Others have contributed to such an understanding of his thought (for example, Lewis Mumford, Vincent Scully, Jr., Paul and Percival Goodman, Morton and Lucia White—none of whose work, incidentally, is acknowledged by Mr. Smith); but no one has gone so far in treating Wright's work as a history of ideas.

Smith's concern with the history of ideas, however, is of less importance to him than the polemical ends to which he puts it. He is a partisan—rarer, it seems, in architecture than in literature—of the religious and socially conservative ideas so fashionable today. To present Wright as an advocate of such ideas, he has had to deny the importance of Wright's relation to the modern movement, and to reject the notion that the art of an age is its reflex, its expression a unity. The distinction he wishes to make between the efficient functionalism of contemporary building (and science) and the expressive vital organic functionalism of the Romantic tradition is a valuable one that could have been made without fixing religion to the latter, or pushing beyond the facts of Wright's case. He does so, I think, when with the help of a single book, Thorlief Boman's *Hebrew Thought Compared with Greek*, he presents Romanticism in terms of Hebraism—to no other purpose than to give Wright's work religious significance. "It will be one of my purposes," he says, "to demonstrate that though the Bible has played an incalculably important role in shaping western thought for some two thousand years, it was only with Wright that Biblical thought found expression in the art of architecture, which has been dominated almost exclusively by the Greco-Roman tradition."

No one will deny that Wright "disliked the Hellenic way and its principles" (I quote Scully), or that he considered himself an artist-seer, one of those great personalities that Van Wyck Brooks, for example, valued so highly for their social force in the 19th century. Like his master, Louis Sullivan, he lived in "the cause of architecture," and "total architecture" was his religion. But he would not have found agreeable the association of his work with Hebraism, for Hebraism (as Matthew Arnold, if not Boman, defined it) was for Wright connected with all that was rigid and retributive, and was repugnant to him. "The boy," he says of himself in *An Autobiography*, "grew to distrust Isaiah"—that "Mosaic Isaiah" to whom he preferred the gentle, beauty-loving Celtic prophet Taliesin, and against whom he sought refuge in his work.

As for the place Smith seeks for him in "the cause conservative," no one will deny that Wright, who needed so much the security of his ancestral valley, was conservative in some respects. Yes, conservative in impulse but radical in

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idea, as Richard Chase has characterized the best American minds, including those who influenced Wright, like Emerson and Whitman. Wright was too much opposed to the institutions of our society to be conservative in the special sense that Smith has in mind: that architecture is the art of the Establishment, of constituted social relationships (not necessarily new ones). Wright, at least, thought himself radical and described the essence of his being in the anecdote of deviation from the straight way with which he begins *An Autobiography*. He was, if any American architect was, a *reformer*, with an "imperturbable readiness," Mumford says, "to break old molds and improvise new ones"; and he also had the radical's utopian expectation that his work would create the conditions of new life—and that others should conform to it.

The claims of growth were for Wright superior to any other; growth is the idea he dramatizes throughout his essentially open, unending autobiography. *An Autobiography*, modeled on Sullivan's, parts of which he heard the master read aloud, is an *autobiography of an idea*—of the growth and nurture of genius in the cause of architecture and in behalf of the idea of "the supremacy of interior order." The event in his life that probably disturbed him most, and that the story of his achievement was intended to justify, was the first domestic crisis, his desertion of his family in 1909. He reads it back to instances of flight in his boyhood and youth, and forward to his many *Wanderjahre*; and he gathers about it his resentment of his mother's gentility and of the sentimentality and stuffy domesticity of the time.

The reader may, with Smith, consider Wright's early houses (the Winslow house is his example) "sacramental homes"; Wright was a great domestic architect, who understood the many uses of home and was always profoundly moved by the eternal feminine. But he was also, in keeping with the realistic spirit of the age, a simplifier of relationships in the interest of truth; and his own flight, anticipated in the Coonley house, the prototype of Taliesin, was part of the contemporary sexual revolution against the hypocrisy of middle-class family life. At the end of the first version of *An Autobiography*, Wright tries to explain its lesson: "The sufferings of growth, the agony of sentimentality that tries to hold life by 'institution' and establishment and extend the fleeting hour until the simple inevitable becomes high tragedy—are they not all punishment for violation of the first simple law of Freedom: the law of organic change."

As a proponent of organic change Wright was fully aware of the need for roots—for the ground and shelter of genius—a necessity wonderfully expressed in respect to his own life in Taliesin. With him, security is not so much a conservative idea as an aspect of the bipolar unity of his thought, and one might even say that Wright was never more radical than when advancing it. The tensions of such thought are seldom resolved, as Smith shows, in the most valuable part of his book, by analyzing its architectural expression in several representative designs: the Winslow and Coonley houses, Taliesin, the Barnsdall house, Fallingwater, the Johnson Wax Company Building and Broadacre City.

Smith follows Wright in considering the work an integral part of his life and using it for biographical purposes. His interpretations differ from those of *An Autobiography*, a book he cites but insufficiently studies *as* autobiography, that is, as the foundation for a much needed biography. For Wright the Barnsdall house was, in the language of Sullivan he frequently uses, a "romanza"; for Smith it is an expression of his need in unsettled years for security and shelter. This is perceptive, as are many of his insights—that Taliesin, for example, was his Camelot, and that the tree, his organic model, represented for him a free solution to the social problem of the relation of part to whole.

When one feels especially critical of Smith's study it is because of the encumbering polemical tone, the loose construction and the lack of rounded presentation and balance. He does not adequately characterize Wright's mind (in some ways a Populist mind) in terms of its time and place. And he lets his religious argument mislead him when, in a major instance, he treats Broadacre City as Wright's supreme statement—as a secular version of the City of God. Taliesin, it seems to me, would have been a better example of Wright's "vision": a vision of the natural house become a principality, where the abundant life is possible ("the exuberance of life in all these rural riches"), and all the things Wright valued—Family, Fellowship, Work, Freedom: the headings of *An Autobiography*—were brought together under one roof. Much about Taliesin is "feudal" and "agrarian," but not necessarily the joyous spirit with which Wright hoped to invest it. His genuinely conservative ideas are conserving and relate to human well-being in an urban culture. When they fail in this it is usually due to inadequate thought, for his thought was not always equal to the scope and spirit of his designs, and to the authoritarianism he sometimes permitted his genius.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming* is a masterful play. (At the Music Box.) I do not speak of its content but of its construction. When a play is praised in this respect what is generally meant is that the play conforms to a past model in the tradition of that subtly logical coherence Ibsen brought to the realistic form of the 19th century. Pinter's construction is of a different sort. Not to perceive this is to misconstrue the play.

To the unaware theatregoer *The Homecoming* may seem to have an ordinary continuity. But if he regards it in this way he will find it bewildering, unfathomable, unreal, to use adjectives which have been applied to it in most of the recent reviews. The play is none of these things. In fact it may be too simple.

It is superficially a family comedy. There is a 70-year-old widower, resident of north London, a retired butcher, father of three sons. The youngest is a construction worker training to become a prize fighter. The second son, whose occupation goes unmentioned at the outset, conveys unspoken menace in tight-lipped irony. He is an adept at the "game"—pimping. The third and oldest son, absent for years, brings home a pretty wife for a brief visit. He is the intellectual of the family, a Ph.D. in philosophy with a chair at a (perhaps Western) American university. There is also the butcher's brother, a correctly efficient, mild mannered, unambitious and generally impotent chauffeur.

The plot of the play, although it is misleading to call it that, shows the men gradually converting the philosopher's wife into a consenting whore. She must engage in the occupation to put her weight into the family budget while her father- and brothers-in-law look forward to enjoying her favors. She accepts the terms after driving a hard bargain, for she—a mother of three, by the way—is as unyieldingly calculating as any of them. Her philosophical husband leaves without further ado to return to his campus.

The scene in which the deal is made is not the climax of the story or the point of the play. It is only the finishing touch. Every scene and verbal exchange is as indicative of the play's meaning as every other. They are all facets of one theme. The play is a parable of insensibility, the death of values, a world in which little remains but primitive appetite.

It is significant that the characters—particularly the butcher father who is central to the composition—talk with orthodox unctuousness of family loyalty, of the sacredness of blood ties, reverence for

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mother, of all the hallowed virtues. But we see immediately that the old man despised his wife, is savage with his sons, cruelly contemptuous of his brother. What is genuine in him is his animal voraciousness, a brute clinging to existence. Since he is the fountainhead of all, the strongest too, each of the play's characters shares the same traits—except for the chauffeur brother who collapses when he announces that Jessie, his brother's wife, the family mother, had an affair at the back of his car with the butcher's much admired assistant.

What of the Ph.D.? When the family spiv asks him: "Do you detect a certain logical incoherence in the central affirmations of Christian theism?," the Ph.D. answers: "That question doesn't fall within my province." Like all the others, he's a "professional"; he refuses to extend his thinking beyond the bounds of his own interest. There is no connection with anything else.

The question and answer, funny as is so much else in the play, is as crucial to the whole picture as any of its more active or shocking moments. When, to take another instance, the youngest brother moves his sister-in-law to the couch and lies on top of her, while her husband and the others stand by and watch without a tremor, we are not confronted with a situation in a realistic story progression but an episode in a panel, an image which tells us more strikingly than some of the others what the total picture and meaning of the play are. The meaning is to be sought in the lack of feeling, absence of any moral or ideological foundation, the heartlessness which encompasses all.

This explains the attitude of the apparently wholly enigmatic character of the play: the soft-spoken philosopher's wife. There was a lack of living substance in the life she led with her husband on the immaculate campus, a place as barren of spirit and pulse as the home into which they have come. Being well taken care of as a whore will prove no worse and perhaps more honest.

How does Pinter make so absolute and damaging a statement theatrically fascinating and lucid? By constructing his play not on the basis of a simple narrative line, in which case it would indeed be incredible, but through a series of fragmented passages joined by brief but unmistakable breaks. The device renders the play abstract. There is a continuity of idea from one fragment to another, a unity of atmosphere. For example, after the bit in which the family watches the symbolic cohabitation of brother with sister-in-law, there is a sharp pause; she then gets up and says peremptorily: "I'd like something to eat," and an entirely new sequence commences in which another aspect of the general situation is played out.

Peter Hall's direction realizes the quality and scheme of the play to perfection. The production is one of the most complete I have seen on the English or American stage in some years, less striking but more organic than that of Peter Brook's *Marat/Sade*. What is script and what staging is almost indistinguishable. The pauses or breaks are not elements of character portrayal; they are "freezes" of action to indicate that we are passing from one phase of the material to another, that the play is not continuing in naturalistic order but shifting to a new "angle."

Adding to the overall unity of impression is John Bury's setting, which bears the same relation to reality as does every other element of the play. It appears to be a real place with fatigued furniture, murky walls in mist gray and muck brown, corroded as if by dirt and fog. Yet its design is almost classically imposing, like that of an imperial mansion gone to seed and turned hollow.

The actors follow the direction with utmost fidelity. It is not psychological acting. In a vein of apparent realism consonant with the play's environment, it is chiseled and polished acting, with each line and speech sculpted to convey the incisive and mordant intention of the dramatist's thought. Paul Rogers' gross and yet towering monster of a father, sensual, hypocritical, vicious, grasping, and Ian Holm's acidly witty ponce, with the sterile power of a low-grade dictator are perhaps the best, but Vivien Merchant, Michael Craig, John Normington, Terence Rigby, in more limited roles, are nearly as good.

What is the sum of all this? Pinter's manner is icy: he does not declare himself. He leaves interpretation to the audience. (This is most brave.) He has a keen ear for dramatic speech, he writes with superb control: there is hardly a wasted word. At first one is inclined to think that he must be either wickedly unfeeling or perhaps that he has no convictions. But no! Only a prophet or a fanatic, fiercely moral, can be so damning. But Pinter is wholly of our moment: we refuse to be hortatory, to cry out, plead, condemn or call to account. Since we do not permit ourselves to "take sides" overtly, we grin or keep our jaws so tightly clamped that it becomes hard to tell whether we are kidding or repressing pain. The mask is one of horror subdued in glacial irony.

I do not see life as Pinter does. But it is imperative that he reveal his view of it; it is part of the truth. He is an artist, one of the most astute to have entered upon the world stage in the past ten years. Those who do not respect and appreciate his talent understand little of our times or its theatre.

MUSIC

BENJAMIN BORETZ

The interest of our mass-circulation journals in the views and activities of composers is so sporadic that the appearance of an extensive interview with the Italian composer, Luciano Berio, on the occasion of the first performance of his opera *Passaggio* at the Juilliard School (*The New York Times*, January 8), was a notable and welcome event. But its very rarity heightened one's concern for the content of Berio's remarks. In the prevailing vacuum of public awareness not only of what composers actually do represent nowadays but of what music represents altogether, I found particularly unfortunate the attribution to Berio of the remarks that "in tonal music there were predetermined forms; now we invent form every time. In tonal music there was a hierarchy, with melody first, then harmony and finally rhythm taking their places. Now there are no such components—no melody as such." The inapplicability of these remarks should be self-evident: "Predetermined form" is surely the least significant aspect of a masterpiece in any language, tonal or otherwise, musical or otherwise. The absence of "such components" as "melody," which is simply

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the exposed surface of pitch relation; "harmony," the sonorities resulting from conjunctions of pitches, and "rhythm," the rates of event-change, however asserted, is definitionally impossible.

But what is really distressing about such statements by a distinguished composer is the serious mischief done public consciousness not only of traditional music but of traditional composition. And this is especially unfortunate at a time when such serious work tends to be widely associated with all "modernism," however primitive, in the general category of *"avant-garde."* So much simplistic musical "extremism," whether of the "right" (in the manner of Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra*, etc.) or of the "left" (the know-nothing or as-little-as-possible *avant-garde*) is in reality traceable to a lack of awareness of what music has already achieved. Here education is crucial; and those who regard the increasing orientation of composers to the university as a "narrowing" of outlook might consider how unlikely it would be for a university-educated composer to remark, as Berio was quoted, that "tonality can still work [*sic*] . . . for moments of escapism . . . like with jazz. But for serious art, absolutely NO!"

Yet I wonder how many readers of the *Times* felt quite sure that some similar statement would readily be made by, let us say, any "committed" twelve-tone composer, even though in fact any real understanding of the bases of twelve-tone coherence—or of any coherent musical syntax, actual or potential—would be the surest possible guarantee against the currency of such beliefs. And Berio is actually among the most responsible of the European *avant-garde,* and also makes such "ideologically" reasonable statements as that "control . . . is the *sine qua non* of composition," and that "there is a . . . global type of thinking today, a concern with musical processes that has nothing to do with geography," although the latter remark is illustrated by the mention of three European composers from the Darmstadt "inner circle" (Stockhausen, Boulez, Pousseur) who are "not compatriots," being German, French and Belgian, with no hint given of even the existence of any American compositional activity or of a single important American composer, not even Berio's Juilliard colleague, Elliott Carter. This parochialism, whether naive or "political," is another symptom of the conceptual crudity that plagues any effort to represent music, past, present and potential, with any reasonable sense of its true range of subtlety, complexity, profundity and diversity.

One of the contributory aspects to an environment in which attitudes such as those of Berio can flourish has been the deep general unawareness of the existence and nature of 20th-century musical tradition. Thus it was particularly gratifying to hear, on the same weekend as the publication of the Berio interview, the Philharmonic's performance of the Schoenberg Violin Concerto, a work that seems to me one of the most profound and original compositional achievements of any time. On this occasion, Zvi Zeitlin's playing of the solo part, still prodigiously difficult in its demands on the outer limits of contemporary violinistic capacity, was especially impressive, in both its technical and musical adequacy. The articulation of pitch, duration and phrase structure in the solo part was invariably clear and precise, despite the somewhat small sonorous and dynamic range of Mr. Zeitlin's playing. And wherever the soloist was responsible for generating the entire coherence of a passage (as in the two solo cadenzas in the outer movements), the results were remarkable—the multiple-stopped trills and chords of the last movement cadenza, the multiply articulated arpeggios of the first movement cadenza, and the simultaneous bowed-plucked attacks were real feats of violinism and musicianship, far beyond any performances I had heard previously.

Moreover, after noting these qualities in the performance, it was interesting to read in Zeitlin's program note that "thinking people, who fully accept the need for some preparatory study of Shakespeare, Joyce, Thomas Mann or the Talmud, reject, on first hearing, music that needs equal conditioning. They are reluctant to apply the principles of one area of human endeavor to another." I wonder what the implications of such a remark are for the attitudes promulgated by Mr. Berio.

I do not, however, mean to minimize the orchestra's contribution to this performance; its playing under Leonard Bernstein seemed the product of careful and conscientious preparation. The crucial requirements of ensemble accuracy in reproducing the pitches and durations indicated in the score were in large part realized, far beyond the performances earlier this year of Schoenberg's *Survivor from Warsaw* and Second Chamber Symphony. Thus, that there remained such problems as the misrepresentation or even absence of dynamic differentiation, and a general uncertainty of the shaping of events and successions, seems less noteworthy at this point than that the totality constituted probably the most competent performance of a Schoenberg orchestral work in New York since Hans Rosbaud's visit to the Philharmonic in 1961.

A still more remarkable event, under the present musical conditions, was the performance by the Opera Company of Boston of Schoenberg's opera *Moses and Aron*, another monument of the 20th-century tradition which, incredibly, was receiving its first American performance. This alone would have guaranteed to the Opera Company of Boston the distinction of presenting the most significant American operatic event since *Wozzeck* at the City Center and *The Rake's Progress* at the Metropolitan in 1952 (unless inaugurations of buildings are seen as more significant musical events than performances of works).

For *Moses and Aron* represents the ultimate development of the concepts of dramatic-verbal-musical structure that were crucial for Schoenberg throughout his compositional life—from his earliest songs to the first works in which his real originality was manifest (the *Book of the Hanging Gardens* and *Pierrot Lunaire*) to the furthest extended explorations of structural ideas (*Erwartung, Der Jakobsleiter, Die Glückliche Hand, A Survivor from Warsaw*, etc.) And this ultimacy obviously precludes any attempt at even minimal exegesis here—except to point out that, as one might expect, the work is "operatic" in the deepest of senses: it is in fact generated out of a total reconsideration of every aspect of what constitutes an operatic continuity. This becomes especially evident in the manner in which the extraordinary diversity of resources and media—and the sense-perceptual contexts associated with each—all contribute to a unitary dramatic unfolding, not in trivial synchronism but in a fantastically complex counterpoint of rates and qualities of unfolding in the several domains.

In a direct sense, *Moses and Aron* is also the ultimate realization of the potential of German Expressionist theatre, a musical and dramatic purification of its resources that reconceives its characteristic "devices" as the generators and projectors of a unitary structural continuity. Thus the constant interplay of the two "dramatic" levels—the verbal, intimate and "abstract" dialogues of Moses and Aaron, on the one hand, and the externalized pure action of the massed crowds, on the other—is realized through an extraordinary development of a single set of presentational qualities—orchestral, vocal and visual—for each scene. The "expressionist" idea of the unseen murmuring chorus whose location (the spatial sense of the source of sound) constantly shifts to represent the "burning bush" idea—a great stroke of musical theatre in itself—is immediately juxtaposed with the chamber-music, recitative quality of the Moses-Aaron dialogue. The

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continuity of ideas thus created, each sharply characterized by "profiles," relates *Moses* to the heart of the operatic tradition from the upper-lower world juxtaposition of Monteverdi's *Orfeo* to the outdoor-indoor, natural-supernatural musical correlates in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, to the merging and interdevelopment of a multitude of such identities in Wagner.

But beyond the virtue of the mere fact of the presentation, the Boston company's performance was extraordinary in the ingenuity and discipline of many aspects of the production. Throughout, the accuracy of the chorus, which is virtually an ensemble soloist—and frequently an ensemble of differentiated ensemble soloists—was phenomenal, and perhaps contributed more than any other factor to the projection of the special sonic-articulative qualities of the work. Above all, however, the settings and the stage direction by Sarah Caldwell—under the most inadequate conceivable of physical conditions in an old movie theatre—were the uniquely imaginative and original aspects of the production, brilliantly "effective," yet at almost every point deriving evidently from an awareness of what was going on, musically and dramatically, in the work.

The transformation of a ridiculously shallow stage by vertical, lateral and even circular extensions (the orchestral ensemble was entirely surrounded by stage aprons), and the sense of relations of space, volume and (visual) speed and shape of events were strokes of authentic genius that make the presentation by the financially affluent but conceptually indigent New York companies quite ludicrously pathetic. Miss Caldwell must immediately be given an adequate orchestra, an authoritative conductor, and all the funds, stage resources, electronic equipment and mechanical devices she requires. At the very least, the old Metropolitan ought to be rebuilt to her specifications and turned over to her. For her work (beginning more than ten years ago with the first, and thus far only, American performance of Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, and continuing with Berg's *Lulu*, which has not yet appeared at the Metropolitan or the New York City Opera, and Nono's *Intolleranza* of last year) has been the only sign of vitality that American operatic activity has produced (excepting individual productions in Santa Fe and Washington). Even if all the compositional activity in America is worth only 50,000 matching-grant dollars to the National Foundation on the Arts, it still seems possible that our national reputation for operatic incompetence might appear worthy of the rectification uniquely available through activities such as Miss Caldwell's.

ART / Max Kozloff

Some day it might be profitable to examine the unexpected affinities between various isolated members of the artistic generation now in their 50s or 60s, and the impulses of their colleagues, twenty and thirty years younger. For instance, Ad Reinhardt and Barnett Newman, or even old Josef Albers, still occupy respected and relevant positions as far as young abstract art is concerned. They bask in an aesthetic look backward, behind or to the flank of Abstract-Expressionism, which is motivated by a fondness for geometric idioms as clear as it was in Constructivism, but now far less utopian. The much touted "reductionism," which in the early days of the modern tradition signified a compression of pictorial or sculptural energies, currently stands for their drainage.

Or to put the situation in another way, Western technology is no longer seen as the life-giving potentiality that, between the wars, it was somewhat defensively construed to be. Rather, we now have a quite numbed appreciation of its patterning, expressed in forms as neutral as chevrons and parallelograms, in which human affect dissolves into an alarming ennui. The industrialized circumstances in which we find ourselves are not, it seems, conditions that can be crystallized into affirmation, but produce instead a brand-new detritus of indifference. The environment of much American art today is such that power is perceived as mindless and enervating, and scale grossens beyond measure into a species of physical "overkill." Moreover, the machine seems only to have disarticulated artistic notions of formal relationships, rather than mobilized them. In this light, the older artists I mentioned are like way stations between two alien sensibilities, preserving a vocabulary base to concepts within which they themselves have not been able to participate.

An altogether astonishing exception to this state of affairs is Tony Smith, professionally unknown, who, in his fifty-fourth year, has just made his debut as a sculptor (in a joint exhibition at Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum and the Institute of Contemporary Art, at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia). In many respects, he seems to be in advance of his youngest colleagues in realizing giant images, or rather structures, that are based on modular units, regular volumes, inert compositions and, above all, hollow masses. This last point, hollowness, is important not so much because it answers the practical problem of attaining great bulk, without the corresponding deficit of unmanageable weight but because it also registers a psychological response to a peculiar American experience. Rather than monuments whose status is reinforced by their density, this sculpture gives the impression of vast surfaces that act as spatial occlusions, and planes that are less the terminations of matter than containers of voids. These works are enormously inconvenient, even intractable presences, which are yet bodiless and provisional—like more cryptic versions of the urban-scape itself. In such perceptions, Smith, effortlessly moving away (yet also drawing nourishment) from the backlog of more than thirty years as a teacher, designer and architect, strikes a comfortlessly contemporary note.

Its force, oddly enough, lies in its rationalistic origins, diverging radically from the hyper-stylized, almost precious aesthetics of his juniors, men like Donald Judd or Robert Morris. For them, art breeds in the *avoidance* of the anthropomorphic insinuation, and the meaning mongering of social significance. In leaning so far back from "artiness,"

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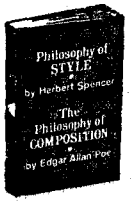

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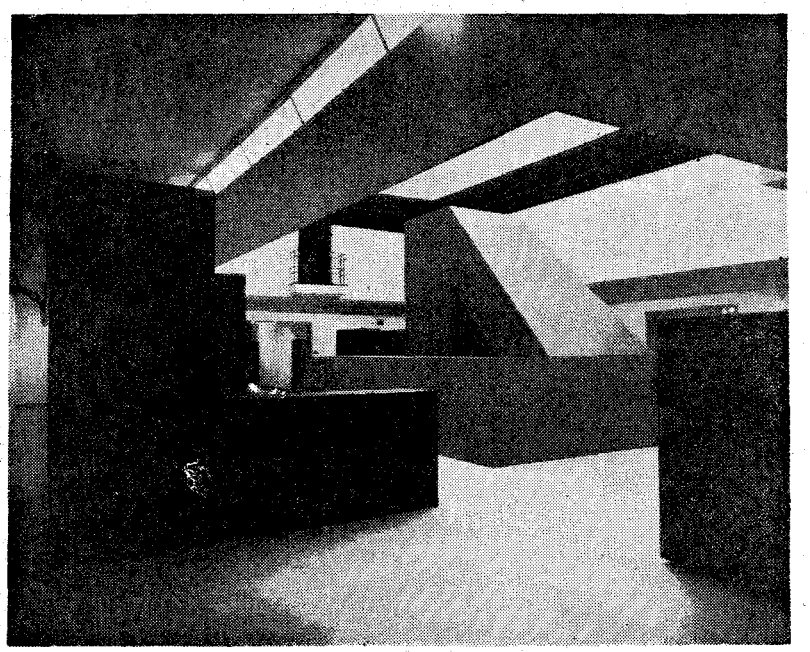
they risk tumbling into a rejective stance that is almost metaphysical. They want to foist upon us an acceptance of their work as devoid of appearances, almost to the degree that we were once asked to view Purism as their platonic essence. The Smith exhibition, so close in its physical look to the output of these younger artists, has an entirely different context. Here is an engineer who, to the extent that he is theoretical, makes hypotheses about various three-dimensional forms, and then has the occasional curiosity to have his working drawings tested through outside fabrication. The result is a population of mock-ups, made of plywood sheets painted featureless light gray for the indoor pieces, and smeared with black automotive undercoating for those that are to be placed outside. If, as the catalogue indicates, Smith sometimes draws his inspiration from such things as an index-card box, or the problem of covering a Baroque fountain in the Atheneum's Avery Hall, he supervises the production of his works, which sometimes require as little time as a few hours, without fuss. It is in the judging of various alternatives, represented by preliminary models, that one imagines him to take a more active hand in sculptural process than is fashionable in minimal art these days. In addition, Smith is not particularly concerned with "finish"—either the totally impersonal quality of, say, a fiberglas mold, or deliberate patina or textures, and that indifference sets his work apart from almost all current sculpture in which some decision about surfacing is crucial. Practical in that he causes constructions to be built to see how they "look" (and then mostly on commission, as with architects), he is also enigmatic in that he is evidently not involved with the formulation of an overall "statement" or ideological position.

The experience of the works themselves is quite out of the ordinary. If one turns into Avery Hall from the museum proper, the first view is of the fountain piece, "Fixture," looking disconcertingly like the conning tower of a nuclear submarine that has arisen from the floor of the exhibition hall. This room, a deep well rimmed with rectangular balconies, has become the setting for what



seems to be a schematic turbine works, a lifeless dynamo. One wanders about, a trifle disoriented, among rectangles and blocks and free-standing walls—nothing substantially more complicated than that—to find oneself intermittently cornered or blocked out. Tons of air seem displaced by these static presences. (The one diagonal, in "Fixture," has a clattering force.) But at the same time, the way the structures pick up and echo the cubic nature of the architecture in more truncated form reinforces the stability of the environment. This truncation is significant. Though the pieces themselves can be as high as almost a couple of stories, they are clearly fragments—elbows or buttresses, defunctioned and unsupporting of anything in particular. As a result, the implications of a sculpture of such scale as to dwarf even architecture are staggering to contemplate.

Outdoors, the work has altered to create an extremely different spectacle. Smith's response to landscape, in any event, is rather special. He speaks of having discovered "some abandoned airstrips in Europe. . . . Surrealist landscapes, something that had nothing to do with any function, created worlds without tradition. Artificial landscape without cultural precedent began to dawn on me. There is a drill ground in Nuremberg, large enough to accommodate 2 million men."

An artist kindled by such observations, was bound to murder Hartford's Tower Plaza, which is not sufficiently polite to conceal its Miami-modern grimacing. Looked down upon from a helicopter, Smith's outdoor sculptures might, I imagine, resemble enormous black arachnids menacing pigmy humans. On the ground, they are reproachful enough—domineering arches or bulky tetrahedrons, with their blunt spreads and straddling ways. Remarkably, they are constructed on modular forms whose repetition and parallelism are hidden by awkward turnings. The effect is always asymmetrical, with angle changes that equalize proportions without indication of center, or stop short or shave off the extension that would complete them too neatly in the memory.

The great success is a piece called "Cigarette." Other works, especially those few gotten up in black steel, appear, as Smith himself admits, simply malignant. Probably the most concise statement on their overall content is given by Sam Wagstaff, the Wadsworth's very enterprising curator of paintings and the director of the exhibition: "These heavy, primitive organisms embrace space through volume and deep thrusts. Romanesque rather than Gothic. . . . They are related to early cultures intentionally or through sympathy—menhirs, earth mounds, cairns, and to this culture with equal sympathy—smokestacks, gas tanks, dump trucks, poured concrete ramps. No focus, no detail, no symmetry. They are plain but constantly changing. They are grave without being heavy, ordinary and mystical at the same time. . . ."

Surging up only within the last five years, the premier work of a creator already in a fairly late period of his maturity, they comprise one of the most unusual and, I think, moving, expressions of vitality in current American sculpture.

Representative examples of Tony Smith's work will be exhibited in New York's Bryant Park, toward the end of January.

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